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ARCVAD THE TERRIBLE

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

ARCVAD ascended to the top of his observatory and looking through his giant telescope he had, in a moment, the planet earth under his microscopic eye.

Arcvad was one hundred and fifty years old, as they say on the planet Earth; and he was just in his prime. Though he lived in the first city of Mars, Ulfete, no city claimed him as her own. Among the Martians Arcvad was called *the* Martian. He was the crowning glory of the Martian mind, the apex of its mental evolution. He was the summation of race-aspiration. His psychic nature was a fusion, dilated a thousand-fold, of the psychic natures of Shakespeare, Newton, Euclid, Edison, Moses and Leonardo da Vinci, of the planet Earth.

The equivalent of Ecce Homo! among the Martians was Arcvad. The equivalent among the Martians for Messiah was Arcvad. For one hundred and thirty-five years there had poured from that supreme mind inventions, poems, visions and new harmonies constructed of the débris of lesser minds.

His ideas had revolutionized life on the planet. Ulfete was a city of marvels, as were Ixrid, Poltum and Pranfar. These marvels had come from the pullulating brain of Arcvad.

Life on Mars had been hard from the beginning. Nature was niggardly and "man" had developed early. He had to develop and perpetuate all his latent powers quickly to survive the menace of the common enemy, Nature. There was consequently now only one race. Nationalities were unknown, though skin complexions differed in different parts of the planet. A common

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fear had amalgamated their instincts. Out of this early amalgamation had come a superb race of mental and physical giants. A common fear had wrought out a marvellous civilization. There consciousness had an *awareness* that to us would be supernatural. The physical and mental laws known to Earthlings had been forgotten by them thousands of years before the present time. What to Earthlings is occult, to them is commonplace. Arcvad in one hundred and thirty-five years had added miracle to miracle, marvel to marvel, ceaselessly transforming and readapting the lives of these giant planetarians.

But his supreme scientific poem was yet to be uttered. His stupendous deed was yet to be done. He would do under the very eyes of his fellow planetarians, he said, what heretofore had only been in the power of Og to do. Og is the Martian algebraic formula for the unknowable and ineffable IT. The Martians admitted the existence of this Thing behind all phenomena, but expressed it algebraically as Og.

The twenty-five million inhabitants of Mars (the Martians put to death with a drug that brought beautiful dreams all the sick, stunted and ill-born, hence pity was rudimentary with them) had lived thus in a state of expectation bordering on ecstasy for three years, since the day Arcvad had announced his intention of doing that which, as he said, would at once be an act of supreme power and supreme mercy. And the Martians now spoke of this as the coming apotheosis of the genius of Arcvad.

Arcvad ascended to the top of his observatory and looked through his telescope. He was a giant even for a Martian. Above nine feet in height, his face was of a deep copperish red from which flamed two worlds, two mighty black suns. His head was surmounted with a raven black crown of hair. His face was a Venice of furrows, lines and seams. The Martians said the face of Arcvad was a map of the planet, which is, indeed, a Venice with forty thousand canals.

The night was brilliant. The Earth shone to the north-east —a scintillating purple patch. Arcvad had, through the powers of his monstrous telescope, made himself master of worlds. It was two thousand feet in length and the lens was five hundred

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feet in diameter. Its magnifying power was beyond all comprehension to Earthlings. One had but to look through it, and the rest was silence—and awe. It brought the planets of our sidereal system so near to the eye that only small parts of them could be seen at a time. It took Arcvad many years before he had seen all of Jupiter.

He had discovered all the planets to be uninhabited—except the Earth and Saturn. But the Earth was the especial study of Arcvad. He was the master of that planet. For fifty years his eye and brain in conjunction with his fearful instrument had dissected the life of the beings on the neighboring planet. The life-drama on the little purple light in the distance was more familiar to Arcvad than to any Earthling. He was the perpetual spy of space.

He had pondered for years on the phenomena of Earth-life. His essays and notes filled hundreds of volumes. These books, together with the moving pictures of Earth-life, which were thrown on giant screens in the great halls of granite, were the fairy tales of Mars. These moving pictures, the invention of Arcvad, were taken direct from the telescope by means of a wonderful instrument, the flwong. The first Earth moving-pictures—the cinematograph itself had been a source of amusement to the Martians hundreds of years before the present time—had appeared at about the time of the American Civil War. Every event on the planet from the firing on Fort Sumter to the foundering of the *Titanic*—by what mighty good luck had Arcvad's telescope rested just against that portion of the Earth that night!—was seen and known intimately to the Martian. In the place of acting, the Martian faced reality. Wars and wrecks being hardly comprehensible to the Martians, these pictures were a source of inexhaustible amazement and fascinating horror to them. The films were preserved for future generations and were valued beyond all the canvases on Earth of Da Vinci and Rembrandt. The life of Tokio, Berlin, Timbuctoo, Canton and Paris was the common mental property of the Martians. They understood nothing of the insane motions of crowds and the ugliness of the cities of the Earth was to them hallucinatingly fascinating. The monstrous

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novelty of London, for instance, froze them with an unspeakably pleasant horror.

As Arcvad looked through the telescope on this particular night the lens englobed that part of the Earth's surface called New York. The diameter of the lens just covered the greater city.

He looked at the city for an hour. "Proof-positive," he muttered, and his face gleamed with Promethean scorn. The Great Event he had promised the Martians was near parturition time.

"Have you decided?"

Arcvad looked up and saw standing behind him his most famous disciple, his beloved Astar—Astar the Magnificent he was called among the Martians. He looked enough like Arcvad to have been his son, except that his hair was reddish gold. An Earthling would have said he was the epiphany of Da Vinci's *Golden Boy*. He was fifteen Martian years old, which on Earth would have made him about thirty. His inventions and discoveries had already made him an immortal. The most useful of his inventions was an instrument by which one could bring the light from Deimos and Phobos—Mars' two moons—to any particular spot on Mars, thus doing away with the necessity for artificial light of any kind in the streets and houses. Another and sublimer invention of Astar's was the establishment by means of telepathy—long a psychic commonplace on the planet—of a common language between the inhabitants of Mars and Saturn. It was also possible for him to evoke beings from the invisible sixth and seventh dimensional realms, the fourth and fifth dimensions having long been explored by previous scientists.

"I have decided," answered Arcvad. "You know all my notes on this famous disease spot,"—indicating to Astar New York through the telescope. "These people, if they are people, or only a species of degenerate termite, as I firmly believe, are totally devoid of intelligence of any kind. In that city in particular all life seems devoid of reason or imagination. If, as we believe, we discovered a rudimentary brain among the inhabitants of this patch of land"—putting his finger on Gorilla Land in Central Africa on a huge revolving map of the Earth—"it has

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disappeared entirely when we get to this city. Observe the antics of those who climb those huge towers, observe their motions, observe their gestures. They seem diseased past all hope."

"Their manner of living, master, too, would argue a total absence of intelligence. Myriads seem to live in holes or shelves into which they crawl and emerge mechanically, while a few have constructed castles that resemble ours. These few seem to be living on that other swarm—literally eating them alive, sucking them dry. And the stupidity of those hordes that consent to be the food of those few! Could anything equal it? With them the part is greater than the whole."

"They have never even seen our signals," said Arcvad. "How quickly the Saturnians answered us! The insects on Thir"—the Martian name for the Earth—"or at least those in this particular city spend their lives erecting great towers and tearing them down again. They seem incapable of looking up. We have never seen their eyes!"

"No worse, though, after all, than the rest of Thir," replied Astar. "One spot has, however, always attracted me more than any other, for here there are signs of order and even something of a sense of beauty." Astar put his hand on the green spot on the map which on Earth is known as Paris.

"The only sign of intelligence on the planet outside of Teltex,"—indicating Gorilla Land in Central Africa—said Arcvad. "But how explain *this?*"

Arcvad crossed the room, followed by Astar. They entered a vast room, the private cinematograph hall of the great Arcvad. He flashed on the canvas, by making a motion in the air, the totally incomprehensible spectacle of the Siege of Paris and the crimes of the Commune.

"Our animals are more intelligent than those murderous termites or blood-letting infusoria, or whatever they are," muttered Astar.

"And they never sicken of blood and death down there, do they?" said Arcvad, and on the vast stage, by another wave of the hand he had the carnage of Siege and Commune turned off and the scenes from the Balkan War turned on.

"What are they trying to do? What is their object in living

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that way?" asked Astar as the comedy of Lula Burgas began. "See with what fiendish delight and satisfaction they cut out one another's entrails and walk into one another's squashed brains. Is it a sport, I wonder, something like our great games in rudimentary form? And look at the way that thing with a giant cross on his breast is mutilating that other thing with a crescent hanging from his neck."

Among the Martians the scenes from the Balkan War, next to the massacre at Kishineff, were the most applauded in their cinematograph halls. Every mind speculated on the meaning of the fascinating charivaris on Thir. No one had arrived at any satisfactory solution. In the great colleges of learning every hypothesis had been ventured, but, like Arcvad and Astar, the learned minds were not able to arrive at any explanation. They had discovered things on Saturn by means of telepathy which awed them; on the Earth they had discovered things that either puzzled them or sent them into paroxysms of laughter. That little purple patch called Thir—was it the insane asylum of the three-dimensional world, or some rotten cancer in space, or a satire invented by Og?

The incomparable scenery of the Earth was a source of eternal delight to the Martian, whether he saw it through a telescope or on the perfected cinematograph; but the minute the Martian eye caught the motions of a ril—Martian for Earthman—there were perplexity, paradox, mystery, horror or laughter.

And it was whispered that the Great Event promised by Arcvad had something to do with Thir and the fate of the insane insect ril.

On the twentieth day after the colloquy between Arcvad and Astar the Martians did no work. It was the day of the Great Astral Event. Telescopes of every conceivable kind were in use and the few with the cinematographic attachment awaited the signal from Arcvad in his observatory. The night fell—a night of stars and lambent immensities. Never had the Earth shone so brilliantly. Her purple rays advanced on space like screaming swords.

It was the last day of the Earthling, and Arcvad the mighty

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had decreed their death at midnight on Mars—at a midnight which should be equivalent to 11 A. M. in New York City. And as the planet Thir turned on its axis and presented its face to the sun 11 A. M. would sound the knell of sentiency for the murderous, insane, foolish ril.

For many years Arcvad had contemplated this act of mercy. The means of accomplishing it was of course a simple one to the Martian, and to Arcvad in particular. Among the forces known to this giant of the fourth and fifth dimensional world was a substance—bal—that once let loose in a given direction under the influence of propulsive instruments that only Arcvad could control would " electrocute," so to speak, all forms of sentiency that it crossed. It pierced the etheric waves with the ease with which the electric bolt pierces the atmosphere of Earth. At the moment of euthanasia this substance, superior to the law of gravitation (a law that the Martian had discarded fifty thousand years before the birth of Arcvad), immobilized and petrified its object.

The plan of Arcvad was to electrocute mankind on Earth, turning them into statues and embalming them simultaneously. The sudden petrifaction of the ril on Thir and the throwing open of this vast museum to the eyes of his fellow-Martians for a period of fifty years, after which, with a subtle substance known as fi, he would as suddenly decompose the whole mass into gas and ether—this was what Arcvad, the omnipotent and merciful Edison of the fifth dimension, proposed to himself on this night!

And the Event, is it not recorded on the cinematograph films in the pleasure palaces of Mars? The ambush in the light! That phantasmology of the petrified ril! That eternal uncreate to-morrow of Earthlings! That landscape of manikins caught in the act of living by the act of a scientific god! Those two billion air-bibbers who'll drink no more o' the air! The massed and serried dreams of the Earthling cut off forever from issue! That tragic ironym pronounced only fifty million miles away!

Such smiling calvaries! Such a massacre of nonsense! Life stunned in its cells!

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The stockbroker transfixed and doomed for fifty years to look with wide open eye at the price of Standard Oil.

The devotee whose knees shall wear cups in the hard flag and whose eyes must forever be riveted on the symbol of his impotent god.

Five million pedestrians in New York, Paris, Berlin, London, Tokio and Calcutta that shall never see their errands' end.

One million soldiers on dress parade in France, Germany, Italy, England, Japan and at West Point turned to automata, tin soldiers for daws to peck at.

The harlot who will never earn that dollar. The millionaire churchwarden congealed in the act of ordering a rise in the price of beef, as powerless now as the socialist who sits there at his desk, his fulmination forever frozen in his brain.

"Any given moment in time," Arcvad once wrote in one of his beautiful metaphysical studies, "is the epitome of Time itself, because the only point in Time that really exists is the now, the present moment."

And it is because of this profound truth that the life on the planet Earth—the life of the ril on Thir—is visible in the ghastly but fascinating pictures seen through the telescopes and the cinematograph films on Mars. The Earthling in his petrified gestures and attitudes epitomizes his evolution—such as it was; and to Arcvad the omnipotent and all-merciful the rils owe the abridgement of their sufferings through future cycles.

It is thus that Ril the Inconsequent, Ril the Obtuse, became Ril the Marvellous, Ril the Beautiful.

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THE NEW NATIONALISM IN FRANCE

ALVAN F. SANBORN

DURING a number of years, I sedulously collected data for a book on the French critical spirit, the last sentence of which was to be a sort of epitaph: "*Ci-gît* France, done to death by slanderous tongues—her own!" But, pronounced as was the pressure of events in favor of my thesis, I could never quite bring myself to commit it to paper, because I was obsessed by a faith verging on superstition in the incomparable and perennial recuperative power of the French people. Down deep in my heart persisted a conviction that a country which had held on to life for 1500 years would emerge, one day, reinvigorated, from the slough of despond into which the disaster of 1870 had cast her, rising superior to the pessimism engendered by that supreme humiliation, as she had risen superior to her prostration after the baleful incompetence of the "Rois Fainéants," after the pusillanimity of the last Carolingians, after the Hundred Years' War, after the religious wars of the sixteenth century and St. Bartholomew, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the exhausting wars of Louis XIV, after the costly follies of Louis XV, after the bloody orgy of the Revolution and after the invasions of 1814 and 1815; and a further conviction that the much-bruited theory of the decadence of nations (in the form, at least, in which it is ordinarily stated) is founded upon a series of fallacies. And now that the soundness of these convictions has been vindicated by events, now that circumstances have reduced the slanderous French tongues to a close approach to silence, the chances are either that I shall never write the proposed book, or that I shall write it in a totally different spirit and give it a totally different ending. But at any time from 1885 to 1905—a period in which the severest foreign criticisms of the French were compliments by the side of the aspersions the French heaped upon themselves—such a work would have been amply justified by appearances.

Throughout this period, the younger portion of the intellectual élite believed—or fancied they believed, which amounted to

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very much the same thing—that they belonged to a race in process of disintegration and that their country, bowed under the weight of years, was in the last stages of decrepitude and decay. They were weary, discouraged, bitter, cynical, dilettante, flippant and unpatriotic. Mortified by the situation of France in comparison with the situations of her formidable neighbors, they took a sort of morbid and melancholy delight in their mortification. They decried everything French, from science to socks, from philosophy to potatoes. They had a terribly lucid comprehension of the vanity of living, of the uselessness of effort. Their oral and their written utterances smacked equally of Ecclesiastes. "We are done for," these dismal and disillusioned spirits moaned, "there is nothing left for us but to make way for the younger, sturdier and saner peoples."

"The most striking thing about the young men of to-day," observed Pastor Wagner in 1891, "is the seeming coldness and aloofness of their welcome to life." One of these young men wrote: "From the very beginning, the Latin mentality concealed a germ of death. . . . The Latin Empire, in decomposition, contaminated with its embrace the Latin peoples. . . . In our brain, a world of antiquated things has petrified. . . . Incapable of willing, by reason of the atrophy of our energies, we are equally incapable of comprehending and of thinking soundly, in consequence of the corruption of which our mentality is the prey. . . . Such an incompetent race as ours, such a '*monde femme*' as we are, should be eliminated, for the general good. . . . A truly human man should not refuse to consider the possibility of the ruin of his *patrie*." About the same time, Remy de Gourmont, in an article entitled *The Patriotic Toy,* said: "Personally, I would not give, in exchange for the forgotten tracts of Alsace and Lorraine, either the little finger of my right hand, because it serves to steady my hand when I write, or the little finger of my left hand, because it serves to brush the ashes off my cigarette. . . . I am disposed to believe that the pleasantry of the two little enslaved sisters, kneeling in their crapes, at the foot of a frontier guide-post, weeping like heifers, instead of attending to their milking, has lasted long enough. . . . The day will come, perhaps, when we shall be sent to the frontier;

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we shall go without enthusiasm; it will be our turn to let ourselves be cut in pieces. We shall do so with real displeasure. 'To Die for *la Patrie!*' We sing other ballads, we cultivate another sort of poetry. In a word, if we must speak out plainly, we are no patriots."

There were not a few socialists among the young intellectual élite of the nineties, who, it goes without saying, were the reverse of lackadaisical; but they were no more patriotic than the dilettanti. They were Jaurèsians, Tolstoyans, "metaphysicians of the absolute," humanitarians, internationalists. They esteemed themselves citizens, not of one country, but of all countries, and deemed it the mission of France to ratiocinate for the rest of the world and to emancipate the rest of the world, by the mysterious operation of the spirit, not only from every form of social, economic and political oppression, but from all the ills that flesh is heir to. And there were unquestionably thoughtful, cultivated young men of traditionalist tendencies, whose patriotism remained intact; but their effacement was so complete that they could scarcely be reckoned a force in the community.

In 1897, François Coppée appealed in a Paris paper for subscriptions for the Alsatians who had suffered from recent storms; his appeal evoked so lukewarm a response that he promptly withdrew it. *Le Mercure de France* profited by this incident to publish a symposium upon the Alsace-Lorraine problem. The majority of the young writers who contributed thereto pronounced war stupid, bestial and (most damning adjective of all!) old-fashioned, and patriotism an intellectual fetter, an inelegant prejudice and a monstrous and paradoxical mystification. They affirmed that the War of 1870 was as remote, to all intents and purposes, as the Crimean War or the War of the Spanish Succession, that Sedan and Metz were no more poignant memories than Waterloo and the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and that the Treaty of Frankfort possessed as little immediate and vital interest as the Treaty of Utrecht. They expressed the hope that the time was near when the French defeat would be considered a historical event of less importance than the appearance of *Le Cid* or of a fable of La Fontaine, and the belief that the time had already arrived to establish cordial

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relations with Germany. A few lines from one of the contributions to this symposium must suffice to indicate the tone of the lot, though, at the moment of their appearance, they made, I can assure you, exceedingly entertaining reading. "I recognize only intelligence," said Paul Léautaud. "It has no frontiers, and I would readily sacrifice the lives of a hundred imbecile Frenchmen for the life of an intellectual from no matter where. I am not preoccupied with the integrity of the soil; the corner in which I meditate suffices me."

A practised eye discerns in such lucubrations a mania for paradox, a straining after literary effect or a touch of the bravado that proves real affection and disguises real suffering. Nevertheless they illustrate—if they do not faithfully and minutely represent—a state of apathy of no little significance.

Jean de Tinan, in his contribution, after cynically proclaiming his internationalism, added: "I do not consider myself bound by this opinion of my twenty-three years. And it may be that I shall be more sincere in invoking violently an appeal to the sword. We would go—without singing, perhaps—to make an end of it." Several others admitted that, if war should break out, they would not refuse to fight; but they admitted it reluctantly, almost shamefacedly, as if they were making a deplorable concession to moss-grown standards of conduct. Probable delusion! The chances are strong that every one of them would have responded with alacrity to a call to arms and would have fought most bravely. "One city," Hugo says somewhere, "was more valiant than Sparta; it was Sybaris." It should not be forgotten that the Parisians who had been accused of not being able to hold out against an enemy for a week, without strawberries, held out five months in 1870-71 without bread.

During a portion of this period of 1885 to 1905, anti-militarism, lack of patriotism and even anti-patriotism were almost as rampant in the educational world as in the literary world. Ferdinand Buisson, for a score of years Director of Primary Education, compared the uniform of the soldier to the livery of the servant. Many public-school teachers refrained from making any reference whatsoever to *la patrie,* and there is good reason to believe (official denials to the contrary notwithstand-

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ing) that some even talked against *la patrie*. At the École Normale Supérieure (an institution which has had some of the greatest names of France upon its rolls), the anti-patriotic *L'Internationale* was sung in the lobbies, without open opposition from either faculty or students. The late Frédéric Rauh, one of its sturdiest and honestest professors, did not hesitate to avow his internationalism and to advance that conscience may sacrifice *la patrie* to an idea. The Sorbonne, whose dominant spirits were bent on reconciling the higher education with democracy, was also honeycombed with internationalism.

Large numbers of working-men (a minority, certainly, in the rural districts; a majority, probably, in the large cities), intoxicated by the examples that were set them in high places and by the teachings that were lavished upon them from above, transferred their allegiance from *la patrie* to *l'internationale ouvrière*. They boasted that they had more in common with the working-men of Germany than with the capitalists of France, and protested that they would mutiny rather than take up arms against these fellow-laborers. They vented their enthusiasm in divers anti-patriotic excesses, going so far as to trail the flag in a urinal. The bourgeois, although disposed to desire perpetual peace for business reasons, seem to have been less contaminated by subversive doctrines; but they were not immune by any means. How could they be, when the country was even offered the absurd spectacle of anti-militarism among the officers of the army and in certain Ministers of War and of the Navy, who not only neglected (in favor of priest-baiting) the vital interests intrusted to their care, but who did their utmost to destroy the *esprit de corps* of the soldiers and the martial enthusiasm of the public, by utilizing the despicable spying and tale-bearing system of the free-masons, by suppressing military music and parades, by minimizing the wearing of uniforms, etc., etc.!

"A great deal of water has passed under the bridges," as the French say, in the few years that have elapsed since Remy de Gourmont "brushed the ashes of his cigarette upon the ashes of his country's disasters."

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In 1911 the English author Vernon Lee wrote to the whilom peace apostle Paul Desjardins:

"I find the friends I knew pacifists, anti-militarists, anti-nationalists, Goetheans, Nietszcheans, Wagnerians, singularly changed, using glibly the habitual terms, *peace, progress;* but betraying in every word, in every inflection, in every look, a desire for war, a barely repressed passionateness."

Paul Desjardins replied:

"War is stupid and unlovely. All the same, it is not the worst thing in the world. The refusal to serve is more unlovely. The placid deliquescence of a people (which I greatly feared for mine); tranquil and chronic shirking; the reduction of all motives to a single motive—to live as smugly as possible with the least possible expenditure of effort; desertion by each of the weal of all; this is the thing that seems to me the consummate bestiality. . . . Of Prussianism I have more than my fill. In Alsace, in Lorraine, in Schleswig, in Poland, it is too much! It is becoming clear to me that opposition to Prussianism is still one of the causes for which it would be the least silly to accept being butchered."

About the same time, André Lichtenberger (novelist, publicist and Assistant Director of Le Musée Social) wrote in the weekly magazine *L'Opinion,* of which he was then the editor: "You must know, as do I, the good people, the uncompromising Dreyfusards, who, only a short time ago, socialized, internationalized and pacifized unremittingly, with tongue and pen. Their sole gods were Mm. Jaurès, d'Estournelles de Constant and Frédéric Passy. To-day, these same good people throw pell-mell on a single pyre everything they adored, and confess, in a burst of indignation, induced by the victimizing of their credulity, 'Decidedly, there is no getting on with Germany!' Even the idea of war has ceased to appear revolting to them. And I could name certain ones—nothing is so dangerous as the exasperated pacifist—who would set match to powder with their own hands, if they had the power, in order to deliver Europe from the intolerable nightmare that weighs heavy upon her."

A little later, the aviator Védrines, winner of the Paris-Madrid match, an unlettered son of the people who had grown

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up in an atmosphere of internationalism, not to say anti-patriotism, in an after-dinner talk to his fellow townsmen made the following naïve confession: "Now I want to tell you something that I have on my heart. When I began to fly, I was not so very—not so very—patriotic—you know what I mean. Up there, I did a lot of thinking. Besides, I have travelled a bit, I have crossed several frontiers. Well, friends, I don't know how it will strike you, but I can't keep it to myself; I am mighty glad to be a Frenchman." In the fervor of his new-found faith, Védrines became a candidate for deputy on a Nationalist ticket, and he made a much better run—his candidacy was treated as a joke at first by his rivals—than anyone (himself included) had believed possible.

Had good François Coppée been spared to live through the Franco-German crisis of the last two years, he would have recognized that a change had come over the spirit of the dreams of his compatriots—compatriots in fact now as well as in name—and he would have been vouchsafed a number of spectacles that would have been as balm in Gilead to his suffering and devoted soul. He would have seen a new generation of intellectual élite, for whom Alsace-Lorraine is a harrowing obsession; a generation, unspeakably weary of dilettanteism, preciosity, pessimism, vapid cosmopolitanism, nebulous internationalism, illusive humanitarianism, and cringing peace-at-any-price-ism, displaying an ardent nationalism very like his own; a generation, crying with Charles Peguy, "*L'Espérance est Dauphin de France,*" ready to march to the front and to march *singing,* like the Parisians of the National Guard whom Bismarck declared so impatient to be under fire that they announced their approach with *chansons.* He would have seen the book-stalls overflowing with patriotic poetry and fiction and with heavy works handling national problems and policies in a patriotic spirit. He would have seen patriotic dramas played to crowded houses in the fashionable boulevard theatres. He would have seen the workers—despite the spread of socialism among them and despite the persistent and audacious anti-patriotic propaganda of the Confédération Générale de Travail—sharing, for a few months at least, the nationalist enthusiasm of the élite; the slumbrous *bourgeoisie* in-

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flamed with righteous indignation; the venerable Frédéric Passy disillusioned and disposed to admit the necessity of a strong France; and Gustave Hervé himself, the high-priest of anti-patriotism, smoothing down or explaining away the most violent of his early utterances. And he would have seen a revival of the *esprit de corps* of the army, thanks particularly to the aggressive nationalism of an ex-socialist Minister of War, Alexandre Millerand.

An atmosphere of patriotism now envelops the domain of education. Jacques Violet, the young officer who went to his death at Ksar-Teuchan in the Sahara with a pair of white gloves and a copy of Alfred de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires* in his knapsack, incarnated the most salient qualities of the new university type. So does the Normalian Klipfel, who, immediately after being received as "fellow" last summer, petitioned to be allowed to serve in a Moroccan expedition; and so does Ernest Psichari (grandson of the prince of *dilettanti,* Ernest Renan, and son, if I mistake not, of Jean Psichari, a prominent Dreyfusard internationalist), who left the Sorbonne, with his thesis upon *The Failure of Idealism* unfinished, to fight in Africa, and who has recently published an inspiriting novel *L'Appel des Armes,* which received a number of votes for this year's French Academy Grand Prix. At the École Normale, Jaurès and his internationalism are in sorry disrepute; nowadays, *L'Internationale* would speedily be drowned out there by *La Marseillaise.* At the Polytechnique and at the Sorbonne, internationalism and humanitarianism (in the sense in which the latter word was employed in the nineties) are looked upon as old-fogeyish, by the pupils, if not by the professors. At the School of Political Sciences and the School of Law, the word Alsace-Lorraine evokes applause from the classes, while praise of German methods—so touchy has the national sentiment become there—is a signal for hisses, cat-calls and more serious disorder. In short, the students as a body resent the bare suggestion of any sort of material or moral abdication and are firmly resolved not to put up with a single humiliation. Had the decision rested with them, the Franco-German treaty of 1911 would not have been ratified and France would not have ceded a square

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inch of her colonial territory. Almost to a man they protested. "We are not *solidaires,*" they said, "with those who diminish the Empire or the prestige of *la patrie.* Let the generation that now governs be alone held responsible therefor!"

Other manifestations of the so-called new nationalism are: an increase in the number of sections of the Society of Military Preparation (now in its twenty-sixth year) from 3,585 to 7,500 between 1909 and 1913 and, in the number of members, from 408,000 to 830,000 during the same period; the organization (with a distinct military end in view) of numerous companies of "Eclaireurs de France" (Boy-Scouts), of a society for the breeding and training of ambulance dogs, and of the "League of the Young Friends of Alsace," which offers moral support to Alsace and arranges for lectures on Alsace-Lorraine throughout provincial France; the national subscription to provide the army with 5,000 avions of war; the adoption of the annual pilgrimage to the statue of Strasburg (Place de la Concorde) by groups of various shades of political and religious belief and unbelief; a movement for transforming into a national festival the anniversary of Jeanne d'Arc, the celebration of which has hitherto been monopolized by the Church; divers campaigns for the maintenance of Gallo-Romanic culture and the preservation of the integrity of the French language, directed especially against the Germanizing tendencies displayed by certain pundits of the Sorbonne; a waning of the prestige of foreign literatures, accompanied by a return to favor of the French literature of the classic period; a revival of the cult of the French garden, so finely styled by Lucien Corpechot "*le jardin de l'intelligence,*" exemplified in the recent celebration of the tricentenary of Le Nôtre; the voluntary effacement of all dangerous rivals, when General Lyeautey, conqueror of Morocco, became a candidate for a seat in the French Academy; the formation of the Poincaré Ministry, known as the Great National Ministry, to meet the double emergency created by the aggressions of Germany and the equivocal negotiations of M. Caillaux; the election to the Presidency of the Republic of a robust character (instead of the customary figurehead) in the person of Raymond Poincaré, who stands for an increase of the authority of the Presidential office,

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for a repetition, *mutatis mutandis,* of the aggressively nationalistic attitudes of Lionne, Vergennes, Mazarin, Richelieu and Mirabeau, for unrhetorical policies of enlightened self-interest and "realization," and who is more intent upon immediate and precise material benefits than upon playing a Quixotic rôle, more preoccupied with the effects of foreign revolutions upon France than with the effects of the revolutions of France upon the world; and, finally, the passage by the Chamber of Deputies of laws advancing the age of conscription a year, re-establishing the three years' term of military service and otherwise strengthening the national defence—measures approved in their spirit, if not in all their details, despite the tremendous effort and almost superhuman sacrifice they involve, by the historian of Dreyfusism, Joseph Reinach, and by such well-known pacifists as Jean Finot and Léon Bourgeois.

In the spring of 1793, the Convention of the newly-founded French Republic, already at war with Austrian, German, Russian, Neapolitan and Piedmontese invaders, declared war against England, Holland and Spain; and it voted practically unanimously, in a night session, that it would negotiate with its enemies only when they should have passed all the frontiers. "You have, then, made a pact with victory?" queried a member of "*la plaine.*" "No," *le montagnard* Bazin retorted; "but we have made a pact with death." The France of to-day, like the France of 1793, has made a pact, not with victory, but with death. Sybaris is a moral match for Sparta, the "*monde femme*" is magnificently virile. Too perspicacious as to the magnitude of the interests involved to indulge in idle boasting regarding the ultimate outcome of a conflict with her colossal neighbor, France nevertheless contemplates the prospect of such a conflict without dismay, without a touch of nervousness, with dignity and reserve even, deliberately preferring the risk of annihilation to supine acceptance of vassalage or dishonor. Thoroughly conscious of supreme and imminent danger, of the possibility of tragedy, she coolly, calmly, and collectedly takes the measure of the swaggering Teutonic Goliath, with a tense, but undeclamatory, determination to answer blow with blow. "Proud without vanity and silent without fear, France is facing

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her enemy, proffering till the last moment, with her left hand, a fragile olive branch, and, with her right, drawing half out of its sheath the sword of supreme energy and of holy resistance."

This outburst of patriotism, which has astonished France herself and electrified Europe, is not a mere flash in the pan. It would be sufficiently explained, it is true, if no other explanation were forthcoming, by the incessant naggings and provocations of Germany since 1905—the theatrical disembarkation of Wilhelm at Tangiers, the insolent imposition of the resignation of Delcassé and of the Conference of Algeciras, the dictatorial attitude in the affair of the Casablanca deserters, the covert threats of meddling with the time-honored institution of the Foreign Legion, the dispatching of *The Panther* to Agadir, the descent of German dirigibles upon French territory, the expulsion of the student Munck from the University of Strasburg, the insulting of French students by the *Strasburger Post,* the persecution of the Alsatian patriot Abbé Wetterlé, the prosecution and imprisonment of the caricaturists Hansi and Zislin, the absurd attempt to make of a tavern brawl at Nancy an affair of international importance, the extraordinary and inexplicable increase of German armaments—which have convinced even the most peaceably disposed of the French that they must keep their army in fighting trim, if they would escape being coerced and dragooned by their domineering neighbor. But it is, in reality, something more than an instinctive movement of self-defence. It is a sudden manifestation of a gradual restoration of personal and national self-confidence, and this restoration of self-confidence is, in its turn, an expression of a revival of the robust energy and keen initiative which had characterized France from the very beginning (barring occasional intervals of discouragement and depression) up to the crushing cataclysm of 1870.

On pages 103-105 of *La Nouvelle Journée,* the last volume of *Jean-Christophe,* Romain Rolland says: "As Christophe prolonged his stay in Paris, he became interested in the new activity that agitated the giant ant-hill. And this interest was the stronger that he found in the young ants little sympathy for himself. . . . During his absence [ten years], a work of recon-

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struction had been accomplished in Europe and especially at Paris. A new order had been born. A new generation had arisen, more eager to act than to comprehend, hungry for happiness rather than for truth. It wanted to live, it wanted to grip life, even at the price of illusion. . . . Christophe looked upon these young men with a friendly eye. He hailed the ascension of the world toward happiness. What was deliberately narrow in this forging forward did not trouble him. If one will go straight to his goal, he must look straight ahead. As for him, seated at the turning-point of a world, he rejoiced to see, behind him, the tragic splendor of night and, before him, the smile of young hope, the uncertain beauty of a fresh and feverish dawn." And further on: "The new generation . . . by way of reaction against the nauseating abuse of the ideologies, raised contempt for the ideal into an article of faith. . . . Not content with disdaining the gentle dotards of yesterday, they stigmatized them as public malefactors."

Henri du Roure, who has had an exceptional opportunity to study the youth of the period by reason of a long and close association with the "Sillon" movement, writes in a similar tone: "Of a truth the new young men will not make us regret the '*intellectuels*' of the Dreyfus Affair, accomplices of anarchy, professors of anti-militarism and anti-clericalism, pontiffs of Reason, of Science and of the Critical Spirit. . . . They are sagacious, practical, audacious, courageous, scantly sentimental, severe upon themselves and upon others. They read little—and *L'Auto* in preference to *La Revue des Deux Mondes;* grasp better the beauty of a 60 HP. than that of a painting or of a cathedral; live in the open air; understand hygiene, and are ignorant of the ungovernable passions. They are proud of their bodies, of their vigorous muscles and of their adroit movements. When you see them exercising—agile, supple, bubbling over with animal spirits,—you are reminded of colts galloping in a meadow. They look upon life as a fight, a fine fist fight to which they bring, with real loyalty and praiseworthy endurance, the blithe ferocity of the boxer anxious to win. . . . They represent joyous effort as against painful research, *insouciance* as against intellectual

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anguish, bright sunshine as against vigils under the lamp, the joy of living as against the melancholy of thinking. They seem to prefer the military to the civic virtues and their ideal is Napoleon rather than Washington. . . . Employers or Cabinet Ministers, they will not be tender toward the *Confédération Générale de Travail,* and the eloquence of M. Jaurès will have no hold upon them."

Henri Bergson, who has likewise been impressed by the love of sport and the sound sense of the youth of to-day, observes: "I believe that we are witnessing a great and profound change in their spirit. . . . Yes, verily, I believe in a sort of French moral renaissance, and what impresses me most, what makes me augur well of this renaissance, is that it is not merely a transformation of ideas—ideas, you know, are changed so easily—but a genuine transformation, or rather a genuine creation of the will. Now the will is the expression of the temperament itself, that is to say the thing which it is most difficult to modify. So viewed, the evolution of the youth of the present appears to me a sort of miracle, doubly welcome since it affirms the reconstitution of our moral unity and since it is a proof that the genius of France continues intact. . . . How can we do otherwise than rejoice to see a youth hardier, more audacious, more conscious of its responsibilities, more French, in a word, than the generations that preceded it?"

These young men now coming to the fore, whom Henri Lavedan has styled "the generation of wings" and who, according to Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson, "have for their major premise, instinct, for their minor premise, intuition and for conclusion, a blow of the fist," have been investigated by Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, by Etienne Rey and by Picard and Muller in works entitled respectively *Les Eléments d'une Renaissance Française, La Renaissance de l'Orgueil Français* and *Les Tendances Présentes de la Littérature Française;* by Leon Blum, for *La Revue de Paris;* by François Mauriac, for *La Revue Hebdomadaire;* by Georges Le Cardonnel, for *Le Mercure de France;* by Agathon, for *L'Opinion;* by Henri Mazel, for *La Revue des Français;* by Jules Bertaut, for *Le Gaulois;* by Emile Henriot, for

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Le Temps; and, editorially, by *Comœdia* and *La Plume.** And these investigations, while disagreeing regarding details, corroborate in the main the observations of Rolland, of Bergson and of de Roure. They confirm the practical passing of dilettantism, of pessimism, of cosmopolitanism, of internationalism and of humanitarianism; the conspicuous emergence of a taste for business, of love of action with a practical and precise end in view, and of love of *la patrie;* the substitution for "the cult of incompetence" and "the dread of responsibility" of their diametrical opposites.

To describe all the circumstances and expound all the causes —causes which, often, are at the same time effects—that have combined to bring about the revival of the energy and the pride of which the new nationalism is a simple corollary, would be to write a history of France (social, political, military, economic, literary, scientific and religious) for the last quarter of a century. The following bare mention (without reference to logical or chronological order) of the more obvious of them is all that is possible here: the survival of the Republic, by itself an indication of vitality and stability; the Dreyfus agitation, which intensified for a time anti-militarism and anti-patriotism, but which, by its very excesses,—it disorganized and nearly disrupted the national defence and was thus directly responsible for the humiliations of Fashoda and of 1905—galvanized into militancy the traditionalist and conservative elements of the body-politic and ended by so disgusting a considerable portion of the original Dreyfusards that they entered the nationalistic camp; the extraordinary vogue of athletic sports (emphasized above by de Roure), the practice of which seems to develop self-control, self-reliance, resolution, vigor and combativeness; the achievements of the Curies and of the Pasteur Institute; the contributions of Branly (to whom Marconi has admitted his indebtedness) to the solution of the problem of wireless telegraphy; the priority of France in the construction of practicable submarines; the invention and perfection of the automobile, which has resulted in the establishment of an enormous and highly prosperous industry;

* The writer of this article is indebted to these various investigations for many of the facts cited.

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the vindication of French military methods and of French military war engines in the Balkans; the incomparable solidity and brilliancy (even when all due allowance is made for the discoveries of our Wright brothers) of the rôle played by France in the conquest of the air, a rôle upon which the blood of many martyrs has conferred a sort of sacredness and which symbolizes, for classes and masses alike, the persistence of French genius, courage and initiative and of French capacity for self-defence; the daring explorations, raids and military expeditions of the Marchands, de Brazzas, Molls, Lenfants, Baratiers, Mangins and Lyeauteys, which have endowed France with an immense colonial empire—"epic forays across African sands, crusades scarcely less mystic and scarcely more selfish than those of Philippe-Auguste and of Villehardouin"; the spread of the travel habit, which has shown large numbers of Frenchmen that the foreign countries they had been accustomed to envy were not the earthly paradises their ignorance and credulity had led them to suppose, which has revealed to them conflicts of cultures and civilizations as well as of interests—irreducible differences which may easily become antagonisms—and which has rid their minds of all doubts regarding the greediness, the brazenness and the bullying disposition of the Prussians; the solidity and the prestige of French finance, which defended the frontier during the Moroccan negotiations of 1911 quite as well as an army and exerted an important, if not a decisive, influence upon the outcome of the negotiations themselves; the entente of France with England and the rapid recuperation of France's ally, Russia, from the exhaustion of the Russo-Japanese War.

To these various sources of personal and national reinvigoration should be added the influence of certain writers (littérateurs, sociologists, moralists and philosophers): that of the seven big Bs (to employ a classification of Emile Faguet that looks arbitrary but is not really so)—Brunetière, Bourget (second manner), Bazin, Barrès (second manner), Bordeaux, Bertrand and Boylesve—with special stress upon Barrès, who has tortured the cult of action, of discipline and of *la patrie* out of the cult of the *moi;* that of another big B, the philosopher Henri Bergson, who has inspired his contemporaries with confidence in their essential

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freedom and with a desire "to live things rather than analyze them"; that of the American pragmatist William James; that of the ex-dilettante Jules Lemaître; that of the novels and the stimulating *chroniques* of Paul Adam (second manner) and of Paul and Victor Margueritte; that of the creoles Marius and Ary Leblond, novelists and editors of *La Grande France;* that of Charles Péguy, founder of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine,* and author of *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc,* who left the École Normale in order to throw himself into the Dreyfus Affair, but who was one of the first to flout the Teutonic pedantry of the Sorbonne; that of the adepts of the cult of heroism, E. Melchior de Vogüé, André Suarès, and Romain Rolland; that of the poetical dramas of Edmond Rostand, the Mediterranean poems of Achille Richard and the *Ballades Françaises* of Paul Fort; that of the noble appeals of Comte Albert de Mun; that of Georges Ducrocq, founder and editor of *Les Marches de l'Est,* and author of *La Blessure Mal Fermée,* who has done more than any other one man, probably, to make clear to the French public the state of mind of the lost provinces and to stimulate sane resistance to their Germanization; that of the novels, studies or satires of Alsace or Lorraine by Delahache, Dumont-Wilden, Louis Madelin, Gallien, Florent-Matter, Frédéric and Jeanne Régamey, Ecker, Labeur, André Lichtenberger, Emilie Arnal, Hansi, Hinzelin, Spitz and Welschinger; that of Edmond Demolins, recognized leader of the disciples of Frédéric Leplay, founder of the Society for the Development of Private Initiative, author of *A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons* and of *L'Education Nouvelle,* who opened, for the practical application of his theories of education, a school which has been an appreciable factor in making business fashionable and in training captains of industry; that of the explorer Gabriel Bonvalot, founder and president of the Comité Dupleix for the stimulation of colonization, editor of *La France Extérieure* and author of *Sommes-Nous en Décadence?;* that of Roosevelt's works, more particularly *The Strenuous Life,* and of Carnegie's *The Gospel of Wealth* and *The Empire of Business;* that of Gabriel Séailles (one of the first to signalize the danger of the "dissolving irony" of Renan), of the apostate priest Victor Charbonnel

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(author of *La Volonté de Vivre*), of Pastor Wagner (author of *Jeunesse*), of Paul Déroulède (poet and author of military chansons), of Paul Desjardins (founder of *L'Union pour l'Action Morale* and author of *Le Devoir Présent*), of Henri Bérenger (apostle of a species of Neo-Christianity), of Georges Sorel (the inventor of philosophical syndicalism—not to be confounded for an instant with the syndicalism of the laborers), of the Neo-Royalist Charles Maurras (founder of *L'Action Française*), of Marc Sangnier (founder of *Le Sillon*), of Etienne Antonelli (founder of *La Démocratie Sociale*), and of Paul Hyacinthe Loyson (founder of *L'Association de Libres Penseurs et de Libres Croyants*)—vigorous spirits and born leaders of men, several of whom are lapsing or have lapsed into regrettable eccentricities or into nauseating politics, but who have nevertheless, at one portion or another of their careers, been inspiriting and effective apostles of some form of strenuousness, and consequently architects of the new attitude to life and to *la patrie*.

There was an undeniable charm in the subtle scepticism and the supremely sophisticated and Buddhistic dilettantism of the France of the eighties and nineties, for the characterization of which the epithet *fin de siècle* had to be invented; and that way, perhaps, lies ultimate wisdom. But there should not be too many wise men in a community, particularly a democratic community. *Le triste savoir,* socially considered, is a highly dangerous possession. Wise men were thick as huckleberries in those years of forced meditation and self-examination, and they came near precipitating a national calamity.

There was genuine nobility in the altruistic fervor of the humanitarian internationalism of the same period. But altruism is a distinct peril to a community whose neighbors are not likewise altruists; besides, there is no living with the children of light, when their numbers are sufficient to give them the whip-hand.

One may prefer personally the playful irony, the engaging Pyrrhonism, the urbane cynicism, the smiling nihilism, the verbal melody and the philosophic calm of such a "tourist through life" as Anatole France, or even the inflated and sentimental but

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thrilling eloquence of a Jaurès, to the extreme busy-ness, the hard, cold and precise thought, the selfish, brutal and cruel ethics, and the strident calls to shamelessly utilitarian action of the new professors of energy, and still recognize that there are periods in the evolution (or devolution) of civilization, when the primitive animal must be allowed vent, when the *summum bonum* is personal and national pecuniary profit, when a bit of barbarism is a capital tonic and when robustness should be cultivated to the exclusion of the finer issues of life.

"Let us hasten," said Guy de Maupassant, "to rebuild the muscles of a people who have been living too long solely upon their nerves." Once France shall have done this (and she is doing it with almost incredible rapidity), and once she shall also have regained her lost prestige as a maritime power, shall have utilized the resources which entitle her to a higher place than she now holds as a manufacturing and trading nation and shall have proved that she can "swipe" markets as well as Germany; once, in short, she shall have shown her mettle and shall have driven into the pate of the Teuton the fact that the period of her submission to dictation and blackmailing has passed forever; then she can resume, reinvigorated, the dual rôle (for which she was specially foreordained and in which she can have no rivals) of purveyor of amenities and humanities, on the one hand, and of propagandist of chivalric ideas and ideals on the other. In the meanwhile, no great harm is being done, if her young men—bending over backward in their eagerness to retrieve the impotency of their fathers—flaunt indifference to culture, contempt for humanitarian idealism and a patriotism that lies very close to chauvinism; for strain as they may to become practical, hard-headed business men and citizens, their temperaments will keep them from making of the country of Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan, Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau and Georges Courteline; of Saint-Louis, Fourrier, Lamennais, and Blanqui, a second Carthage or a second Prussia.

Sooner or later, the dilettantism and the idealism will come back—the "rhythm of the generations" will demand it—divine irony and sublime Quixotism will be re-enthroned, and Roosevelt's "strenuous life" and the Carnegie gospels will be relegated to the limbo of the outgrown creeds.

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REALISM IN IRISH POLITICS

E. A. B.

FEW people outside Ireland realize how factitious are the divisions of opinion represented by the traditional political parties in that country. We have so long been accustomed to think of the Irish people as divided into Catholic Nationalists and Protestant Unionists, that we seldom inquire what realities correspond to this classification. These labels having once been affixed, it has become almost impossible to remove them, even though they be demonstrably inapplicable to modern conditions. The true absurdity of this obsession by political labels is most perfectly illustrated in the argument of those who oppose Home Rule, on the ground that the "Nationalists" are not fit to be intrusted with the government of their country. They assume, that is to say, that when the *raison d'être* of political Nationalism has been removed, it will continue to exist!

In Ireland, it must be admitted, circumstances have for many years favored this view of Irish politics. The dust raised by the party conflict has so obscured the atmosphere, that it is difficult for the casual observer to ascertain what is really taking place. By degrees, however, a genuine and more comprehensive sense of nationality has been born, as a result of the intellectual reawakening which accompanied the literary renascence, now known as the Irish Literary Revival. With the spread of a literature deriving its life and inspiration from all that is best and most truly national in Irish history, nationalism has come to mean a great deal more than aggressive revolt against England. The growth of a national drama, and the popularization of Gaelic legend and history in verse and story, have given to the younger generation of Irishmen a conception of their country that has little in common with political partisanship, except in so far as both entertain the idea of an autonomous Ireland. Consequently, with the effacement of the purely political element, there came a more broadening, mellowing influence into Irish life. This, of course, does not suit the political dogmatists of either party, who ask nothing better than the reiteration of their

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Nationalist or Unionist creeds. They would still preserve the artificial cleavage upon one question, and look aghast at those who go outside the limits prescribed by the party formulæ. Intercourse between the two camps is not encouraged by the orthodox, and the man who feels that he has, humanly speaking, more in common with his political enemies, must be prepared to hear the reproach of treachery. The watching eyes of the faithful regard him reprovingly, if he ventures forth and engages with his fellow-men in such work as they may have in common.

For many years it has been a convention with a certain class of Irishmen to avoid all risk of contaminating the purity of their political prejudices, or their metaphysical theories, by mixing too freely with those from whose views they differed. Their high priests have warned them of the danger of mixed assemblies, and prescribed as much as possible the company of their fellow-idolators. Occasionally, when some semblance of discussion could not be shirked, solemn conclaves have been held in which each side could bring forward the stereotyped arguments and hear them met by the equally stereotyped replies. There was no interchange of ideas, simply the repetition of dogmas. The discussion ran along certain well-defined parallel lines, without the slightest prospect of their meeting at any point. Whenever men were observed having over-stepped the political frontiers to exchange intellectual commodities, the panic cry of party had merely to be raised to bring them back faithfully to their respective intrenchments. Once behind the wall of political dogma, with the din of electioneering warfare in their ears, they soon forgot the truce which their intelligence had called.

In recent times it has not been so easy to raise these alarms. The wider conception of nationalism, the subsidence of the more acute phase of the political struggle, after the passing of the Land Acts, and the different problems engaging the attention of a new generation—all these tend to make the more intelligent unresponsive to the mechanical efforts of the veterans. It is almost painful, indeed, to witness the indifference of the crowd to the oratory which twenty years ago evoked wild enthusiasm. The same phrases are still used, but they have lost their magic. Nationalists in the widest sense are met nowadays in quarters

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which would formerly have been deemed impregnable strongholds of Unionism. The Government offices, and even Dublin University, show yearly an increasing number of those who profess the heresy of nationalism. The Protestant wolf lies down with the Catholic lamb, in a manner highly disconcerting to those who have not yet got the right focus of contemporary Irish affairs. English observers have interpreted this as an indication that Ireland no longer desires Home Rule. The spectacle of a people peaceably intent upon its own affairs, instead of responding to the antics of a wire-pulling lawyer, has proved too much for them. They have returned to England, disappointed at being deprived of the sensations of civil war, and have straightway informed a bewildered public that now, when Home Rule is offered to them, the Irish people do not want it. Anything short of a nation divided into two armed camps is regarded as a proof of apathetic indifference.

Several factors have contributed to the growth of this new spirit, and aided the development of what Mr. John Eglinton has described, in one of his thoughtful essays, as "reasonable nationalism." As has been suggested, the revival of Irish literature has, to some extent, effected a dissociation of ideas such as to make the word "national" acceptable in circles traditionally hostile to political nationalism. Once the word was divested of its narrow and controversial significance, the way was clear for the gradual permeation of Irish as distinct from English ideals. With the breaking down of old barriers came such an intermingling of classes as to render, if not futile, at least largely ineffective, the catchwords and phrases of tradition. More directly, however, the political idols were smashed by the advent of the *Sinn Fein** party, who criticised in strong terms the professional Nationalists, and denounced parliamentary methods. This was an effective and unpleasant interruption. Questions were asked of the dogmatists which could not be turned aside with the replies framed to meet the familiar objections emanating from the official Unionist opposition. No doubts could be raised as to the good faith of the *Sinn Fein* critics, whose extremely anti-English sentiments precluded all suspicion that they were in

*Sinn Fein, two Gaelic words meaning "ourselves alone."

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league with the natural enemies of Ireland. It was a new experience for the Irish people to hear criticism of their idols from men of such authentically Irish sentiments. It was a deadly experience for the Nationalist party, for it created a precedent, and, worst of all, placed them in a new situation, with which the old thought-saving devices could not cope. It is not suggested that the Sinn Feiners definitely alienated a majority of Irishmen from the Nationalist party. They knew that Home Rule was essential, and that it could only be obtained by parliamentary methods. Nevertheless, it had been demonstrated that the present Parliamentarians were only good for one purpose, and that, once that purpose was achieved, they had no further reason for existence.

The moment an idea ceases to correspond to reality it becomes inanimate, and either dies, or hardens into the living death of a dogma. The dogmatism of Irish life was attributable to the innumerable husks of political ideas from which all animation had departed. From the old phrases which no longer corresponded to the facts of existence, men have turned to those which offer a criticism of existing conditions, based upon some living principle. Such a criticism is supplied by the Irish Co-operative Movement, which has drawn into its ranks men of every class, creed and opinion in Ireland. The initial steps were taken by Sir Horace Plunkett, who had the foresight to realize that the salvation of Ireland lay in the reorganization of her agricultural life, and the courage to forsake the pure negation of Unionist politics, in order to devote his life to the great task. While he is the power behind the throne, as President of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, it is Mr. George W. Russell who stands out most conspicuously in the ranks of Irish coöperators. Without abandoning the mystic verse and painting of "A. E."—his pseudonym as poet and artist—Mr. Russell has contrived to invest the Coöperative Movement with the beauty of his own vision, and to endow it with a lofty idealism. It is thanks to his editorship that the journal of the Irish coöperators has become a great centre for the exchange of ideas in Ireland, and created around him a veritable intellectual centre. Truculently, eloquently, persuasively, as the

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occasion demands, *The Irish Homestead* engages with the dogmas which obscure the minds of so many Irishmen, waking their intelligence for the ultimate glory of the Coöperative Commonwealth. But it is not only the periodical literature of the Movement that is indebted to Mr. Russell; he has also provided his fellow-workers with a more permanent scripture. In *Coöperation and Nationality* he elaborates his plans for the regeneration of Ireland, which he believes to lie in the direction of a coöperative commonwealth.

Mr. Russell is an enemy of State Socialism, which seems to him inseparable from uniformity and over-centralization. The great state is thoroughly antipathetic to him; he would divide all countries into small communities, upon the model of ancient Greece. Ireland, at all events, is peculiarly suited for his proposals, inasmuch as the country was formerly governed in this way. It is Mr. Russell's dream to restore this ancient form of government, with modern improvements. The predominance of agriculture, the absence of industries and of large cities are further factors that encourage Mr. Russell, and have induced him to throw his great energy into the work of agricultural organization on a coöperative basis. Mr. Russell is no dreamer; his lecturing and organizing experiences have given him the knowledge requisite for the task he would achieve. In reading *Coöperation and Nationality,* one feels that behind it all there is a practical acquaintance with local conditions and the problems that arise. Yet over the book there hovers a flame of idealism, the breath of poetry is felt in the rhythm of the phrases in which "A. E." communicates his vision of the future. On the basis of practical propaganda the poet has reared the structure of his dreams. *Coöperation and Nationality* has been well described as the Irish coöperators' Bible.

While it is true that, outside Ulster, Ireland has a very small industrial population, Dublin, Cork and Belfast, as well as the larger provincial towns, constitute a problem which cannot be avoided in dealing with the reorganization of Irish life. Fortunately, with the awakening of a new national consciousness in Ireland, a man has come forward on behalf of the townsmen, as Mr. Russell has done on behalf of the countrymen. Mr.

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Larkin has identified himself with the reorganization of industrial conditions in a manner very different from that of Mr. Russell, but none the less effective. His paper, *The Irish Worker*, marks the final breach in the wall of political dogmatism. The first labor journal to establish itself in Ireland, it has little in common with *The Irish Homestead*, except that between them they constitute an oasis in the desert of Irish political journalism—an arid and windy waste of mechanical reiteration. Their readers are drawn from the service of shibboleths, and grouped beneath a standard upon which a living message is inscribed. The obsession of Home Rule politics has been almost completely shaken off, the old groups are in the process of disintegration, and new groups are being formed. It has now become evident that unanimity as to the merits or demerits of William of Orange by no means involves agreement upon such questions as the Minimum Wage, Municipal Trading or the Nationalization of Railways. It can, therefore, no longer be used as a pretext for stifling discussion on these points, as has too often been the case. There can be no real identity of interests between men whose sole bond is their interpretation of a doubtful point in English history. So long as the cries of Orange and Green could give a semblance of cohesion to each side, it was impossible to ascertain the real opinions of Orangemen or Catholics upon any vital question. For all we know, each of these Ulster Covenanters may be a fruitful source of political or economic heresy. Lawyers, and other equally interested mischief-makers, are taking care that these shall be the last people to reveal their true identity.

Meanwhile Mr. Larkin has given the world a startling demonstration of the new possibilities of Irish life. The first fruits of his attempt to organize labor in Ireland, as it is organized in every other civilized country, were a lock-out followed by one of the most remarkable strikes of recent times. For some twelve weeks from 12,000 to 100,000 men were out of employment, and the entire forces of labor were drawn into a life and death struggle for their right to organize. The outbreak of hostilities last autumn was the culminating feature in the protracted fight made by Mr. Larkin for some years against sweating, low wages,

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and the incredible disorganization of industrial life in Dublin, Belfast and elsewhere. Slowly he built up the Irish Transport Workers' Union, creating out of hopelessness and chaos a well disciplined army of some 70,000 men. Week after week *The Irish Worker* bore evidence of the bitterness of the struggle, and of the progress of the workers under Mr. Larkin's consummate leadership. The paper was read everywhere, by the farm laborer on the hillside, and the slum-dweller in the city, and by degrees a sense of unity was given to probably the most ruthlessly exploited working class in the United Kingdom. As Mr. Larkin pointed out, their so-called " representatives " were so preoccupied with the political game that they had never given a thought to the economic problem, but had, time and again, shown their sympathies to be entirely capitalistic. At first spasmodic strikes, or the menace of a strike, effected here and there an improvement. Each of these struggles had the effect of strengthening the men and of exasperating the employers, who were neither capable of recognizing, nor disposed to consider, that a new factor had come into the Irish labor world. They had so long profited by the concentration of public attention upon the Home Rule question that they naturally resented Mr. Larkin's insistence upon facts.

Mr. William M. Murphy, the dominating spirit of the Dublin employers, had for a long time been the object of Mr. Larkin's criticism, until finally he conceived the brilliant idea of breaking the movement which the latter had inaugurated. The immediate pretext of this ultimate trial of strength was the refusal of Mr. Murphy to recognize the Transport Union, and his decision to lock out such of his employees as belonged to it. This challenge was taken up by the men, who resorted to the weapon of the sympathetic strike, and soon from 12,000 to 20,000 were idle. The inevitable horrors of hunger and unemployment were aggravated by a remarkable outburst of police brutality, and the fatuous obstinacy of the Employers' Federation, which refused to come to terms, or even to discuss the situation frankly with either the men's leaders or an impartial committee. Every day the number of strikers increased, in spite of the evident determination of the employers to exhaust the strike funds and to starve

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the men into submission. Help in the shape of food and money was furnished by the English Unions, and by all who sympathized with the principle of Trade Unionism, which it was obviously Mr. Murphy's ambition to destroy. This unique and valuable weapon had been purchased too dearly to be relinquished at the behest of the Chairman of the Dublin United Tramway Company.

Apart from the actual and specific import of this struggle, it remains a valuable illustration of the growth of reality in Irish politics. The first popular movement of vitality since the agrarian agitation, it is unique in being entirely separated from party politics. Political "spell-binding," religious bigotry, physical violence—every means was resorted to in order to win the men from their allegiance to a new ideal. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the rights and wrongs of capital and labor in this dispute, but to consider it as a manifestation of the new spirit that is awakening in Ireland. It is Mr. Larkin's distinction that he has succeeded in uniting men, who have been prepared to face hunger and imprisonment, on a question quite outside the traditional range of Irish politics. Hitherto such manifestations have only been possible when the "freedom of Ireland"—in the purely political and sentimental sense—has been the issue raised. For the first time in recent years conflicting creeds and policies have been forgotten in the fight for humane conditions and human liberty. Not only political, but also social, independence must henceforward be the goal of Irish politics.

The official inquiry into the strike brought to light some interesting evidence of the disastrous results of political dogmatism in Ireland. So absorbed had the politicians become in the vociferation of their formulæ that industrial conditions were never considered, and had consequently reached the lowest level in the United Kingdom. Overcrowded slums, underfed workers, low wages—each proving to be the worst of its kind—this was the toll paid by Irishmen, while their "leaders" electioneered, and manipulated the *clichés* anent the "freedom of Ireland," or the "great Empire" from which they would never be separated. Employers, of course, were content that their men should thus

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be paid with words, and resented Mr. Larkin's hints that a more substantial mode of payment would be necessary, if they wished to continue their business. "Ireland a nation" had served its day, now it was asked: What sort of a nation? A nation of half-starved slum dwellers seemed quite natural, provided the Parliament be restored to Dublin, until the advent of the Transport Workers' Union. Mr. Larkin's followers have now discovered that it will make little difference to them whether Mr. W. M. Murphy's interests are guarded by delegates to an English or an Irish House of Commons. It is for them to organize and see that their claim to life is considered. The failure of the Irish party to rise to the situation created by the recent strike was ample confirmation of the newly acquired conviction that the popular idols are quite useless, and out of touch with present-day problems. Six Irish members, when positively shamed into taking action, declared their incapacity to suggest anything, and their readiness to leave the matter in the hands of the Archbishop of Dublin. After this confession of cowardice and incompetency it is unlikely that any intelligent Irishman will entertain any illusion as to the futility of the professional patriots, Nationalist or Unionist. We cannot expect statesmanship, or even the rudiments of a national policy, to come from these brains worn out with long years of negation.

The conduct of the employers was also a remarkable indication of the dogmatic slumber into which Irish public life had fallen. Mr. Murphy, for example, as President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, openly congratulated that body upon their power to crush the workers by starvation, boasting that he and his fellows could always count upon having their "three meals a day." Such naïve barbarism, or cynicism, is unthinkable except in a country where industrial life and the social conscience connected therewith have been allowed to atrophy. The refusal of the Employers' Federation to meet the men's representatives could only come of the obstinacy born of ignorance. Otherwise these gentlemen might have known at the beginning that they were refusing to obey one of the elementary principles of modern industrial warfare. Could one have forgotten the misery and suffering of 100,000 people, there was something ludicrous

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in the spectacle of these people still living in the past, and childishly resisting all attempts to awaken them from their despotic dream. It took them quite a long time to realize that Ireland was something more than a land of factions, that the imminence of Home Rule had removed an obsession from the minds of the people, and that they were now beginning to set their house in order. Now that the old frontiers are being obliterated and groups are forming to fight for living issues, Irish employers will have ample opportunity of remedying this defect in their mental vision.

With the grant of self-government to Ireland we shall see all the old dogmas cast into the melting pot. The propaganda of Mr. George Russell in the country, and of Mr. Larkin in the towns, are already influences at work in the great readjustment. It is inconceivable that their disciples will find in the old generation of politicians men capable of understanding their aims, and fit to represent them in Parliament. In the spread of coöperation and the rise of Trade Unionism we can see the possibilities of Ireland, when the Home Rule fetish no longer dominates the prostrate bodies of the faithful. Both these movements have progressed in spite of the older politicians, who are either indifferent or hostile. So far it has been difficult to shake from the industrial North the obsession of bigotry. Employers find it useful to fan the flame of fanaticism, lest the working classes should forget their religious differences, and unite for their common good. Various attempts have been made to draw their attention from past animosities to present problems, and each time with increased success. It is clearly a mere matter of time. In view of the wretched labor conditions in Belfast, it is safe to predict that in the future we shall see the most advanced radicals representing a city long associated with the narrowest conservatism and reaction. Most Irishmen must have felt how contemptible, insincere, and lifeless were the accounts of Sir E. Carson's manœuvres in Ulster, or the party speechifying of Mr. Dillon in Munster, at a time when the employers were trying to starve thousands of men, women and children in Dublin. The eternal recriminations of the factions and the time-worn platitudes of the politicians never had so

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hollow a ring as when they came side by side with the fighting oratory of Mr. Larkin, and the impassioned eloquence of Mr. Russell, as both pleaded the cause of dying humanity. The sham of the one and the reality of the other could not have been more pointedly emphasized than by the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin for "sedition," while Sir E. Carson continued to review his "troops," and elaborate imaginary schemes of open rebellion. It is in the genuineness of the former and the absurdity of the latter that we may see a hope for the future of Ireland. Mr. Larkin and Mr. Russell represent the future, Sir E. Carson belongs irrevocably to the past.

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CAN THE MEXICAN PROGRESS?

A. W. WARWICK

THE geographical position of Mexico is such that its affairs must be of Pan-American interest. Of all the American nations the United States is chiefly concerned in the well-being and progress of its southern neighbor. But more especially are we interested in its orderliness. No nation can long endure disorder along its borders. The disturbance of commercial conditions, the increase of crime and lawlessness and the expense of continual military patrolling along the international boundary become at length intolerable.

But over and beyond these merely temporary conditions the United States has an interest in the future condition of Mexico. It is conceded that Mexico has such an abundance and variety of natural resources that it is potentially one of the richest nations of the earth. The development and exploitation of those resources must redound to the benefit of the commerce of this country. It needs no argument to show that a great increase of commercial activity in Mexico would mean a better market for the products of our factories. Just as commercial prosperity in Canada is a cause for congratulation to ourselves as well as Canada, so too would be a similar condition in Mexico.

Mexico has been an independent nation for one hundred years; its first Congress meeting on September 14, 1813, in Chilpancingo, and the first formal declaration of independence being made on November 6 of the same year. It is pertinent therefore to see what elements exist in that country for progress after a century's freedom and whether the present chaotic conditions are symptomatic of chronic national weakness or not. Logically the question resolves itself into a consideration of the salient characteristics of the peoples who in the aggregate comprise the Mexican nation.

The present population of Mexico is about 15,000,000 souls. The first noteworthy characteristic of that population is its heterogeneous nature. While Spanish is the official language of the country, over two millions of its people habitually speak some

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Indian language and there are over three million of pure blooded Indians of most diverse race. It is claimed officially that about two and one half millions are of pure Spanish blood, but few unbiased authorities who have studied the question are inclined to allow much more than half that number. The balance of the population is made up of individuals of mixed Spanish and Indian blood with the Indian predominating. Thus the majority of Mexicans may be classed as Indo-Spaniards. The population is made up then as follows:

White	2,500,000
Mixed	9,500,000
Indian	3,000,000
	15,000,000

Such records as are available show that the percentage of Mexicans of mixed blood is rapidly increasing at the expense of both white and Indian races. At first sight this would appear to indicate the rapid fusion of races to form a homogeneous people. But like most cursory views it would be erroneous. The real facts are that in Yucatan, for example, the Mexican would be Spanish-Mayan; in Oaxaca, Spanish-Zapotecan; in Sinaloa, Spanish-Piman; in Durango, Spanish-Tepehuane; in eastern Sonora, Spanish-Yaqui, etc., etc. From present indications it would take generations for a complete fusion of these diverse bloods.

It might naturally be asked, here, what of the effect of immigration upon the race? The answer is that there is none, since there is practically no real immigration. The normal annual immigration into Mexico only amounts to a few thousands per annum, mainly Spaniards and Americans. Neither of these races are real immigrants, since few ever take out naturalization papers. Americans, indeed, bring their families with them but usually leave after a few years' residence. The Spaniard returns to Spain as soon as he has made a competence in his grocery store. While, so far as I can ascertain, the last census (1910) has not officially returned the number of foreigners of European blood, in the census year there could hardly have been more than

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120,000 Americans and Europeans in the country. The census of 1900 only gave a total of 57,507 such foreigners.

The statement as to the number of foreigners in Mexico may occasion surprise to those who have made a trip to the City of Mexico and noted the number of foreigners there. However, it would be as unfair to judge the proportion of foreign born people in Mexico from the conditions in Mexico City as it would be for an English tourist to judge the number of foreigners in the United States by merely seeing New York City. Nearly half the Americans in Mexico are (or more properly, were) domiciled in or near Mexico City. On the other hand, Leon, a city of 70,000 people, contained, when the writer was there three years ago, only about a score of Americans. The apparent number of foreigners is magnified, too, by the prominent positions they occupy.

In spite of apparent official encouragement of immigration Mexico is almost entirely out of the immigration zones of the American continent. The Argentine, for example, receives more immigrants in a year than Mexico has obtained in the last ten years. Indeed the Mexican temperament on the whole favors the exclusion of all foreigners except those who bring in large capital, and there are not a few Mexicans who would keep out even those.

Possibly no incident more forcibly illustrates the anti-foreign sentiments than an episode which occurred in Mexico City about a year ago. The scholars of one of the higher grade girls' schools pronounced themselves on strike on account of the principal having "a gringo name." The lady in question bore a good old Scottish surname, her grandfather being a Scotsman who had married a well born Mexican woman. One of the sons married a Mexican woman, thus the old Scotsman's granddaughter had seventy-five per cent. of Mexican blood and was herself married to a Mexican. Neither her father nor mother could speak English. Yet the good lady was forced to abandon her position by reason of being a foreigner! There is no doubt that an overwhelming proportion of the Mexican peoples believe in the doctrine of "Mexico for the Mexicans."

Finally it may be stated, in all frankness, that the few for-

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eigners in Mexico have less influence on the Mexicans than the Mexicans have on the foreigners. Romero, who so ably represented Mexico in Washington for many years, stated the case very completely when he wrote "it is easier for Americans in Mexico to fall into Mexican ways and Mexican moral views than it is to convert the Mexicans to the American view of life." That is the final and complete statement of the whole case.

One naturally turns from the consideration of race questions to that of nativity. It is astounding to learn that in 1900 42.5 per cent. of all registered births were illegitimate; probably 90 per cent. of the unregistered births are illegitimate and a high authority was very probably correct when he stated that between 50 and 55 per cent. of all births in the republic were outside marriage relations. In some States the figures are very much higher. For example, in Hidalgo it was 80 per cent.; in Michoacan it was 75 per cent. and in this same State the district of Zamora was credited with no less than 93.6 per cent. of illegitimate births. Astonishing as these figures are, they are entirely worthy of credence. In several large mining camps with which the writer was connected, and in which he knew every person, not over ten per cent. of the couples were legally married, in spite of the fact that the local civil authority willingly remitted all marriage fees. However, in considering legitimacy of birth in Mexico it is proper to remember that a church marriage without civil marriage is regarded as of no binding force. All offspring of such unions are registered as illegitimate. In church registrations, on the other hand, the children of parents married by civil authority only are entered as illegitimate in every district in which the writer made inquiry. Yet in any event and making all due allowances for such registrations probably between forty-five and fifty per cent. of the births are from temporary unions. As an example of what such a state of affairs may lead to, the three children of a woman once in my employ had each a different father and bore different surnames.

Anyone familiar with vital statistics will be prepared from these facts to learn that 85 per cent. of the entire population is quite illiterate. Outside of the larger towns probably 95 per cent. of the people would be illiterate. For example, in a mine

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employing 525 men only 6 could sign their names and the manager had to indorse the pay roll for all the rest. Practically 99 per cent. of the miners were illiterate. Of the 15 per cent. literates in the entire country, many read or write with slowness and difficulty. About one third of the literates are children. Thus we find that probably only 1,500,000 adults in the entire country are technically literate. These low literate rates exist in spite of the fact that a compulsory education law was enacted many years ago. This point well illustrates the well-known fact that the written laws of Mexico by no means imply the practice of the country.

Naturally the press of the country cannot be expected to be of a high order of journalism when educational standards are low. Even in Mexico City and Guadalajara the newspapers issued do not come up to the standard set by the morning paper of an American town of 30,000 inhabitants. The news is usually scanty and unreliable and the editorials turgid in style. The descriptions of social functions, weddings and funerals are a riot of adjectives and *cheville*. (A cheville was neatly and satisfactorily defined by Stevenson as "a word employed merely to balance the sound without aiding the sense.")

Outside the two cities referred to the press is represented by a few unimportant weekly papers in which real news is practically non-existent. The Mexicans are not newspaper readers. They rely mainly on the oral transmission of news. One may travel for weeks through the agricultural or mountain districts without seeing a newspaper, except an occasional stray copy left perhaps by a commercial traveller.

Whole volumes have been written on the efficiency of Mexican labor. The divergence of the different views is probably due to the heterogeneous character of the Mexican race. Foreigners writing on the subject naturally give isolated personal experiences. The facts seem to be that while in some parts of the country the labor is fairly efficient, in other parts it is of very low grade and cannot be keyed up to doing economical work in spite of the low wage rate. On the whole it is decidedly inferior.

As an isolated case of inferior working efficiency of Mexican labor a mine may be cited in which an average of rather more

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than 3,000 men are employed. The output of the mine is about 650 tons of ore a day. Under the same conditions in the mine about 600 American miners would make that production. Or, in this case, it takes five Mexican miners to produce as much ore as one American miner. However, an isolated example is an insufficient base for a broad general principle.

A far better criterion would be the statistics from occupations in which Mexicans work under Mexican direction. In Mexico about 3,000,000 men are engaged in agriculture, or rather more than 75 per cent. of all males engaged in gainful occupations. Yet in spite of the fact that Mexico is one of the most fertile countries in the world it has for many years failed to produce sufficient food for its inhabitants. It is an undeniable fact that the Mexican laborer suffers from malnutrition and yet 75 per cent. of the working males cannot maintain even the low Mexican standard of living.

The reasons for this low efficiency have been assigned to many causes. Some investigators have attributed the low output of Mexican labor to excessive use of intoxicants and malnutrition, due to an unbalanced and insufficient dietary. No doubt those causes have much to do with the inefficiency of Mexican labor. Yet the real cause must be assigned to racial temperament.

The well-born and educated Spaniard never soils his hands with manual labor. He is the *caballero,* the man who rides a horse. The Spanish Armada was officered by knights who directed the ship from the poop; the British ships by officers who had done sailor's work. Sir Francis Drake's rebuke to his junior officers is classical: "I must have the gentlemen to hale and draw with the mariners."

The Indian is characterized by producing only that which fills his own needs. He is not a producer for the markets. The race formed by the union of Spaniard and Indian then could hardly have any conception of the innate dignity of labor. The idea of a well-educated son of wealthy Mexican parents learning to be a railroad-man by starting in as a brakeman or a tracklayer would be regarded as preposterous. The spectacle recently presented in America in which governors of States and mayors of important cities donned overalls and worked with picks and

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shovels on the public highways could never be duplicated in Mexico.

In Mexico, only the meek and lowly and ignorant actually soil themselves with manual labor. There is no future in such occupations and consequently the Mexican worker is without ambition and his efficiency is low indeed.

As against these facts the expansion of commercial Mexico in the decade 1901-1910 would appear to be anomalous and contradictory. Such progress as was made was entirely due to foreigners and foreign capital. American, British and German managers, engineers, foremen and mechanics constructed the railroads, built the harbors and erected the factories of the country. American and British engineers opened the mines. Yet even in 1910 the limits of expansion had been reached owing to labor shortage. Japanese and Chinese immigration was encouraged to make good the deficiency. It was a question either of obtaining an increased efficiency of Mexican labor or an importation of manual workers. Yet, owing probably to the demand for labor, the efficiency of Mexicans, instead of increasing, actually became less.

At about that time an example of this fact came under my own observation. There were three large mining ventures started up nearly simultaneously within a radius of thirty miles. One of the managers conceived the idea that by providing the workmen with improved houses and paying higher wages he would attract the best and most thrifty workmen, thereby doing more work with the same, or perhaps a less, number of men. The contrary was the case. Instead of having four hundred men nominally on the pay roll he had between five and six hundred and yet he had actually less men working every day. Under the old scale of wages the men worked, on an average, about four days a week, under the new scale they worked less than three days. The laborers, in fact, worked long enough to earn the beans and corn upon which they mainly subsisted and the rest of the time was spent in drinking and gambling, with all the evils attendant upon those vices. The other two mines lost large numbers of men who departed for the "happy camp" in which they need only work three days a week.

Furthermore, the opening of these three mines largely de-

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pleted the farms in the neighborhood of many of their peons and there was such a scarcity of provisions in the year following that corn, beans and live stock had to be packed or driven from districts situated at a distance of eight or ten days' travel.

The phenomenal growth of Mexico from 1900 to 1910 was not in any sense due to the progress of the Mexican. There was no improvement in agricultural methods and from the Rio Grande to Yucatan there was not, so far as I am aware, a single railroad, factory or irrigation project fostered by purely Mexican capital and designed and executed by Mexican engineers. Further, in spite of the long period of instruction by foreigners it is safe to say that the Mexican engineers and workmen could not efficiently operate the railroads, electric light works, smelters or factories of the country if all the foreigners were withdrawn.

Extending the investigation into the progressiveness of the average Mexican, a brief review of his progress in this country may be attempted. In Texas, New Mexico, Southern Colorado, Arizona and California are to be found many thousands of Mexican families who have lived under American conditions for sixty years. What progress have these people made? Surprisingly little. It is true that a small number is completely Americanized but by far the greater number are in much the same condition as their cousins in Old Mexico. Most speak little or no English, still live in adobe houses with clay floors, still live on beans and dry strips of pumpkin or squash. If one has dealings with them the negotiations must be conducted in Spanish. In those south-western towns which have a large Mexican population, the Mexicans live in their own overcrowded, dirty and squalid quarters, which present a startling contrast to the spick and span sections in which the Americans live. All this despite the fact that the Mexican enjoys the full educational, political and commercial opportunities of the American citizen.

The gloomy picture of the Mexican presented in this article may appear to many to be painted in colors far too dark. It might even appear to be written from a very prejudiced standpoint. There is no conscious prejudice, for indeed the writer has a number of Mexican friends whom he esteems very highly.

However, in concluding this brief consideration of the more

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salient features in the Mexican character reference may be made to the investigations of a recent United States Immigration Commission. The details of this investigation may be found in a forty-two-volume report. Two technical members of that Commission, Professors Jenks and Lauck, have prepared a summary of the more important facts developed. The reader of that book * cannot fail to be impressed by the unbiased attitude of the authors nor to see the immense volume of data at their disposal. Writing of the Mexican immigrants they make the following statements:

1. "They are practically all engaged in unskilled work."
2. In railroad work their wages are the lowest paid to any laborers.
3. "Very few of them ever rise to the rank of foreman."
4. In farm work they will care, for example, for eight acres of beets, only, as compared with eleven acres by the Japanese.
5. "Their standard of living is the lowest, their family income the smallest and their lack of thrift the greatest of all immigrant races investigated."
6. The cost of subsistence among the railway Mexican laborers was approximately $8.00 a month.
7. "They learn English slowly; less than 14 per cent. of those investigated could speak English."
8. "When their children go to school their attendance and intelligence are decidedly less than the average."
9. "They are very likely to become public charges."
10. "They are likely to be quarrelsome and inclined toward crime."
11. And "it would seem from the records that the Mexican is even less desirable as a citizen than he is as a laborer."
12. "Usually the Mexicans seem to be without ambition or thrift, are content with the wage relations, and their progress has been slower, much more so, than that of the Japanese or Chinese."

* The Immigration Problem. Jenks & Lauck. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

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Other reports of special investigators sent by the United States Government to Mexico will be found in the bulletins of the Department of Labor. Without exception they bear out the findings of Jenks and Lauck and the observations by the writer.

For nearly fifty years the Mexican people, with the characteristics and traits recited above, have been living under a constitution which is a very faithful copy of our own. Under that form of government the Mexican has made no progress in Mexico and very little here. The most rabid admirer of the constitution of the United States must admit that for it to work smoothly and effectively a people governed by it must have the following characteristics:

1. Loyal submission to the will of the majority.
2. Candid recognition of the inalienable rights of the minority.
3. A cool, sober judgment.
4. A very high standard of education and morals.

The Mexican people, as a whole, has none of these fundamental requirements. It is obviously a vital mistake to force such an intricate and delicate a system of government upon a people unprepared and unfitted for it.

Nearly two millions of eager, energetic people leave Europe every year for America. Approximately a half million goes to Canada; one million to the United States and one-half million to the Argentine and Brazil. These are all "white men's" countries. Under the new conditions in South America the foreign commerce of the Argentine, Chile and Brazil alone is almost twice the volume of the commerce of the Orient. It has trebled in the last ten years and has been produced by men of exclusively Latin race backed by Anglo-Saxon capital. The rush of Latin races to South America is changing conditions there, commercially, politically, socially and racially in the most radical manner.

No one who knows the Indo-Spanish Central American countries which receive practically no immigrants can honestly say that these nations have improved internally. Peace and civil order

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can only be maintained by such stern characters as Diaz, Cabrera of Guatemala, and Huerta. Let the iron rule of such men be removed even for a couple of years, as in Mexico, and the work of a generation will be undone.

Indeed since Mexico became a national entity in 1822 and Spanish immigration became a negligible quantity the Mexican type tends to revert to the Indian. It is not uncommon to hear Mexicans speak with contempt of the Spanish blood in their veins and attribute their good qualities to the Indian strain. It is further noteworthy that since 1859 the supreme executive head of Mexico has been, except for a period of ten years, of Indian stock. Benito Juarez, who was president from 1859 to 1872, was a pure blood Zapoteca Indian. Porfirio Diaz had more than half Zapoteca blood in his veins.

Can the Mexican type of man, mainly Indian, continue to hold one of the richest and most fertile areas of the world? It seems improbable. An inefficient race of workers must necessarily give way to a more robust and energetic people.

It is a matter of common observation that a man of mixed Indian blood is usually quarrelsome. Mexico bears out this statement. There are said to be 10,000 homicides in Mexico a year. In the country districts a *baile* (dance) can rarely be conducted without a fight in which several persons may be killed or severely wounded. Such a condition necessarily follows from the conditions of the nativity of the mass of the people.

Summing up the more striking features of the Mexican people and its character, the race is—

1. Mainly of Indian type.
2. Illiterate.
3. Mainly of illegitimate birth.
4. Inefficient as workers.
5. Intemperate.
6. Quarrelsome.

The present disorders in Mexico therefore cannot be assigned to any merely temporary cause. It would appear far more likely, in view of the foregoing facts, that nationally the Mexican

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is disposed to civil strife. As long as the people have their present characteristics civil war will be more normal than peace and good order.

Can any unbiased observer see any hope of amelioration in the conditions numbered from 2 to 6 in the above tabulation of evils in Mexico? Few candid persons would answer otherwise than in the negative. Thus, although there may be peace enforced by an iron hand for a few years, the seething forces underneath the superficial crust of a commercial and land aristocracy will have their day and it seems inevitable that the Mexican of this generation will live in short periods of peace frequently broken by more or less prolonged civil war.

The only real hope for Mexico, as an independent nation, lies in throwing wide open the doors to immigration as all the other American countries have done. Otherwise its absorption by the United States will be inevitable.

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THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

FLORENCE KIPER

THIS is the song of the women, sung to the marching feet,
Mothers and daughters of mothers out in the crowded street,
Yea, and the mothers of mothers, white with the passing years—
This is the chant of the women and wise is he who hears.

We are not beggars, O lordlings who sit in the seats of power,
Rulers of many millions and kings for a little hour;
We are not suers for favor, O you of the widespread land
Whom the kings cajole with flattery and a ballot stuffed in the hand.

We do not come with pleading, O masters who in your might
Set us our toil and our measure—the rhythm of your delight.
Slave have we been and plaything and mother to bear you a son,
But now is the plaything a woman and the toil of the slave is done.

We are proud and fearless, O brothers, right comrades of fearless men,
And you who are strong shall know us the sweeter now than then,
For only the free and noble is mate to the noble and free,
And the bondwoman's son is unworthy the son of the freeman to be.

We have visioned a distant vision that has lured us with its gleam,
And the marching lines and the tramping feet are hot on the trail of a dream.
We have visioned a social justice that shall know the end of might,
The weak and the poor and the thwarted we have seen in living light.

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And we cry to you, follow the vision—follow with us abreast,
Brothers, comrades, lovers, the quest is a holy quest.
Out of the golden dawning, out of the bursting morn
They are calling to us, united—the voices of those unborn.

This is the song of the women, sung to the marching feet,
Mothers and daughters of mothers out in the crowded street,
Yea, and the mothers of mothers, white with the passing years—
This is the chant of the women and wise is he who hears.

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ARE WE IMMORAL?

ARTHUR POLLOCK

WHAT'S wrong with our morals? That is the somewhat hysterical cry of to-day. It is the question perhaps most frequently and gravely propounded from the pulpits of our churches, and promulgated in the pages of our many publications with editorial hands, figuratively at least, upheld in holy horror. Concerning it there has been, as Guildenstern said, much throwing about of brains. What *is* wrong with our morals? The answer might be succinctly stated, Progress!

For we are growing. And, growing, we are suffering from nothing more alarming than the usual and natural growing pains. You may call this a period of unrest, or go further, as some do, and call it revolution. At any rate, it is a period of readjustment, of social, mental and moral house-cleaning. For civilization faces new problems. Their solution means a long step forward. And, in order to take the step which the presentation of these problems has fortunately precipitated, civilization is finding it necessary to discard much of its superfluous rubbish of outworn and now ridiculous convention, for new standards more strictly in accord with natural demands and common sense.

Of these problems, whose successful solution spells progress, one of the very biggest is that of the relations of the sexes. And the greatest virtue of the feminist movement is that it has forced this problem to an issue. We had become inured to the prudish habits of speech that are a cloak to slothful thinking; the fear of expressing new thoughts concerning sex had gradually brought about the inhibition of such thoughts. We had settled back complacently to snooze in the old and comfortable grooves of conventional thought, when along came the woman movement, roused us in the middle of the night as it were, and demanded a speedy solution of all sex difficulties. That is why it has "struck sex o'clock" in America.

That is why in our literature and in our life to-day sex is paramount. After all, we are, consciously or unconsciously,

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always striving to improve the race in one way or another. At this moment much improvement simply seems to lie along the line of sex. The whole woman movement is a question of sex. It is more than merely a question of political equality, more than a fight for the ballot. It entails a whole new set of sex standards. For that reason it has lured all our latent ideas upon the subject of such standards with salutary effect to the surface. And sex, therefore, being the object of social and political readjustment, is inevitably the subject of literature and thought. But there is nothing at all of immorality about that.

Naturally, when the discussion and consequent regulation of conditions has been lazily put off so long, the reaction is great. Hence some find the present day discussion distasteful. But it is not so because of any impropriety inherent in the discussion itself nor in the subject of it, but because it has been delayed until we have become mealy-mouthed and stultifyingly and falsely modest. And so each evidence of changing moral standards is heralded as horribly immoral. It may be a change for the better. No matter! It is a change. And, to those who feel that whatever is is right, a change seems always dangerous—at least until the old has been forgotten and the new has become established as a custom.

And not only is sex discussion natural, necessary and inevitable, but the conditions in modern life most often made subject for criticism are not in any way immoral. Most standards of morals are, of course, unstable, many of them ridiculous. That which is hideously immoral to-day may, with the connivance of custom, become entirely moral to-morrow. Scott speaks somewhere of a woman acquaintance who read in her maturity the books that were her childhood friends, and found them impossibly improper. In the course of her lifetime ideas of proper reading had completely turned about. What is indecent in America may in Africa, perhaps, or somewhere else, be quite the proper thing. It is apparently a question of geography and chronology. There can, therefore, be only one way, anywhere and at any time, to determine what is moral or immoral. As individuals and as a race we live to progress, to evolve somehow toward perfection. To reach the highest efficiency

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in meeting the barriers life confronts us with is our unconscious aim in life. But all progress, mental, moral and physical, toward this end is through processes of some sort of evolution. Therefore, any act or word, thought or condition, which may tend to retard or divert the proper course of the evolution of the individual or the race falsifies the laws of life and is immoral. Conduct and conditions that foster proper evolution are moral. That is the only possible and permanent standard of morality. Though superficial custom may obscure this standard, though we are in our conduct seldom conscious of it, it is the standard by which the worth of all other standards must eventually be weighed. And judged by it the present conditions are found to be not unhealthy.

The clothes of to-day show a striving in their wearers for greater freedom from useless and artificial restraint; modern dances indicate a desire for a more plastic, less mechanical—hence more healthful—outlet for energy of body and exuberance of spirit; and the literature of the theatre and the library manifests a desire on the writer's part for greater freedom of speech and subject matter, a desire to deal with the biggest things in life with a proper regard for the biggest truths of life. All of which are earmarks of a progressive spirit. But nevertheless the gowns that women wear are branded as indecent—often in language which itself is very far from decent; the plays we see and the books we read are, in lurid language, decried as feculent; and, in language often sprinkled with obscenities, the dances we delight in dancing are called degenerate.

As a matter of fact, for the first time since the questions of modesty and comfort first became confused, clothes are now approaching their only excuse for existence—the creation of beauty and bodily well-being, both favorable factors in the progress of the race. Prudishness is not propriety. Propriety in dress is expediency and sightliness only; prudishness is an illogical and uncomfortable luxury. More than that, when it is allowed to transcend expediency and beauty, prudishness itself becomes immoral. Why should a girl be required, when once she has outgrown short skirts, to conceal the fact forever after that she was born a biped, and strive to create the impression

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that she moves about from place to place on rollers? Every summer the ridiculousness of prudishness in dress is manifest. Nature has horse-sense: she forces the bathing girl to wear on the beach what, on the board walk, would be heralded as immodest; in the water nature will not allow her the unnecessary convention of too much modesty, for a woman cannot swim with comfort and be falsely fastidious as well. But the slit and scanty skirt is no less proper than the bathing suit. In the matter of the latter, however, necessity thrusts common sense upon the wearer; in the matter of the street skirt she is left to choose for herself. And, awkward and swaddling clothes being less inconvenient on the avenue than in the ocean, she chooses them and bears the resultant lack of freedom in the name of modesty when, at bottom, it is nearer immorality. For in so far as modesty overrides convenience and the consideration of health, it is immoral. And only when clothes show signs of becoming again the unhygienic monstrosities that they heretofore have been, need we grow alarmed as to the question of their conformance with good morals.

The drama now, so far as progress and human problems is concerned, is more moral than it ever was before. In this respect, at least, that indefatigable old preacher, Bernard Shaw, is truly superior to Shakespeare. The only mistake he makes in saying so lies in his arrogating all the honor to himself; his statement holds for all of our sincerest playwrights. For this is the era of the playwright with a "trouble-lamp." He goes about lighting up remotest corners, hunting for defective parts that seem to need repairs. He reveals to us more about the life we're living and the world we're living in than Shakespeare ever cared to know or tell. He is really an "interpreter of life." And, if literature and drama made from life constitute an "incursion into the sewer," so much the worse for life, so much the more need that the truth concerning it be spoken.

The dances of the day reveal, not degeneracy, but the modern spirit of development. Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and the Russians have of recent years aroused this spirit in the dance. It is these exponents of the art at its best who—more than the underworld originators of the Bunny Hug and

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Grizzly Bear so often held up as bugaboos—are responsible for the new dances. They have engendered in us the dancing spirit; they have stimulated a desire for something less stiff and expressionless than the old-time waltz and prosaic two-step, and prompted the growth and broadening that has resulted. The variations of the dance which at present find favor with the public are but phases of its progress.

If there is anything immoral about them, the immorality lies principally at the door of those who are too prodigal in their criticism. The critics have converted an innocent pastime into a vice, by depriving the performer of his belief in its innocence. For, lest the guileless girl who finds some pleasure in these dances forget that it is her duty rather to be shocked, all the most revolting details of their supposed origin are trotted out in print before her. Thus to coax a reluctant and unnecessary blush to the cheek of the dancer too blissfully busy to feel embarrassment, too happily preoccupied with the pleasure of the pastime to care to call in imagination's aid to convince her of its impropriety, is not only needless but wrong. "Nothing is either good or bad," said Hamlet astutely, "but thinking makes it so." If you can convince a girl that to sit at home and knit is wrong, she will do wrong to sit at home and knit; and her imagined wrongdoing will have a disintegrating effect upon her character, will even eventually be revealed in the lines of her face. Why tell a girl that if she knew how and where these modern dances originated she would never dance them? Pork is no less palatable because it once was part of a most unlovely pig. But it might easily be possible, by going into concrete and disgusting details in the presence of one who has always found pork entirely delectable, to make it forever after revolting to him. Who cares if these dances have a past, when their present is so propitious?

We are not immoral—we are "getting on." Modern dances constitute one of the small straws which show the way the wind is blowing. We are kicking over irksome traces, and, in the freedom their removal affords us, sizing up the situation preparatory to a bolt in the proper direction. Ideals and moral ideas and standards have reached the clearing-house stage.

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ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

V

In Kansas: the Second and Third Harvest

TWO miles north of Great Bend. In the heart of the greatest wheat country in America, and in the midst of the harvest-time, Sunday, July 7, 1912.

I am meditating on the ways of Destiny. It seems to me I am here, not altogether by chance. But just why I am here, time must reveal.

Last Friday I had walked the ten miles from Ellinwood to Great Bend by 9 A. M. I went straight to the general delivery, where a package of tracts and two or three weeks' mail awaited me. I read about half through the letter-pile as I sat on a rickety bench in the public square. Some very loud-mouthed negroes were playing horse-shoe obstreperously. I began to wish Flynn had whipped Johnson. I was thinking of getting away from there, when two white men, evidently harvesters, sat down near me and diluted the color scheme.

One man said: "Harvest-wages this week are from two dollars and fifty cents up to four dollars. We are experienced men and worth three dollars and fifty cents." Then a German farmer came and negotiated with them in vain. He wanted to hold them down to three dollars apiece. He had his automobile to take his crew away that morning.

Then a fellow in citified clothes came to me and asked: "Can you follow a reaper and shock?" I said: "*Show me the wheat.*" So far as I remember, it is the first time in my life anyone ever hunted me out and *asked* me to work for him. He put me into his buggy and drove me about two miles north to this place, just the region John Humphrey told me to find, though he did not specify this farm. I was offered $2.50 and keep, as the prophet foretold. The man who drove me out

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has put his place this year into the hands of a tenant who is my direct boss. I may not be able to last out, but all is well so far. I have made an acceptable hand, keeping up with the reaper by myself, and I feel something especial awaits me. But the reaper breaks down so often I do not know whether I can keep up with it without help when it begins going full-speed.

These people do not attend church like the Mennonites. The tenant wanted me to break the Sabbath and help him in the alfalfa to-day. He suggested that neither he nor I was so narrow-minded or superstitious as to be a "Sunday man." Besides he couldn't work the alfalfa at all without one more hands. I did not tell him so, but I felt I needed all Sunday to catch up on my tiredness. I suspect that my refusal to violate the Sabbath vexed him.

There has been a terrible row of some kind going on behind the barn all afternoon. Maybe he is working off his vexation. At last the tenant's wife has gone out to "see about that racket." Now she comes in. She tells me they have been trying to break a horse.

The same farm, two miles north of Great Bend, July 8, 1912.

How many times in the counties further back I have asked with fear and misgiving for permission to work in the alfalfa, and have been repulsed when I confessed to the lack of experience! And now this morning I have pitched alfalfa hay with the best of them. We had to go to work early while the dew softened the leaves. It is a kind of clover. Once perfectly dry the leaves crumble off when the hay is shaken. Then we must quit. The leaves are the nourishing part.

The owner of the place, the citified party who drove me out here the other day and who is generally back in town, was on top of that stack this morning, his collar off, his town shirt and pants somewhat the worse for the exertion. He puffed like a porpoise, for he was putting in place all the hay we men handed up to him. We lifted the alfalfa in a long bundle, using our three forks at one time. We worked like drilled soldiers, then went in to early dinner.

This is a short note written while the binder takes the

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necessary three turns round the new wheatfield that the tenant's brother and I are starting to conquer this afternoon. Three swaths of four bundles each must be cut, then I will start on my rounds, piling them into shocks of twelve bundles each.

I am right by the R. F. D. box that goes with this farm. I will put up the little tin flag that signals the postman. One of the four beasts hitched to the reaper is a broncho colt who came dancing to the field this afternoon, refusing to keep his head in line with the rest of the steeds, and, as a consequence, pulling the whole reaper. It transpires that the row in the horselot Sunday was caused by this colt. He jumped up and left his hoof-print on the chest of the man now driving him. So the two men tied him up and beat him all afternoon with a double-tree, cursing him between whacks, lashing themselves with Kansas whisky to keep up steam. Yet he comes dancing to the field.

On the farm two miles north of Great Bend, Wednesday evening, July 10, 1912.

I must write you a short note to-night while the rest are getting ready for supper. I will try to mail it to-morrow morning on the way to the wheat. Let me assure you that your letter will be heeded. I know pretty well, by this time, what I can stand, but if I feel the least bit unfit I will not go into the sun. That is my understanding with the tenant who runs the farm. I can eat and sweat like a Mennonite. I sleep like a top and wake up fresh as a little daisy. So far I have gone dancing to the field as the broncho did. But the broncho is a poor illustration. He is dead.

The broncho was the property of a little boy, the son of the man who owns the farm. The little boy had started with a lamb and raised it, then sold it for chickens, increasing his capital by trading and feeding till it was all concentrated to buy this colt. Then he and his people moved to town and left the colt, just at the breaking age, to be trained for a boy's pet by these men. Since he became obstreperous, they thought hitching him to the reaper would cure him, leaving a draught-horse in the barn to make place for the unruly one.

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The tenant's brother, who drove the reaper, sent word to the little boy he had not the least idea what ailed Dick. He hinted to me later that whatever killed him must have come from some disease in his head.

Yes, it came from his head. That double-tree and that pitchfork handle probably missed his ribs once or twice and hit him somewhere around his eyes, in the course of the Sabbath afternoon services. Two whisky-lashed colt-breakers can do wonders without trying. I have been assured that this is the only way to subdue the beasts, that law and order must assert themselves or the whole barn-yard will lead an industrial rebellion. It is past supper now. I have been writing till the lamp is dim. I must go to my quilts in the hay.

To-day was the only time the reaper did not break down every half hour for repairs. So it was one continuous dance for me and my friend the broncho till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun really did its best. Then the broncho went crazy. He shoved his head over the backs of two mules twice his size, and almost pushed them into the teeth of the sickle.

He was bleeding at the mouth and his eyes almost popped out of his head. He had hardly an inch of hide that was whole, and his raw places were completely covered with Kansas flies. And the hot winds have made the flies so ravenous they draw blood from the back of the harvester's hand the moment they alight.

The broncho began to kick in all four directions at once. He did one good thing. He pulled the callouses off the hands of the tenant's brother, the driver, who still gripped the lines but surrendered his pride and yelled for me to help. I am as afraid of bronchos and mules as I am of buzz saws. Yet we separated the beasts somehow, the mules safely hitched to the fence, the broncho between us, held by two halter-ropes.

There was no reasoning with Dick. He was dying, and dying game. One of the small boys appeared just then and carried the alarm. Soon a more savage and indomitable man with a more eloquent tongue, the tenant himself, had my end of the rope. But not the most formidable cursing could stop

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Dick from bleeding at the mouth. Later the draught horse whose place he had taken was brought over from his pleasant rest in the barn and the two were tied head to head. The lordly tenant started to lead them toward home. But Dick fell down and died as soon as he reached a patch of unploughed prairie grass, which, I think, was the proper end for him. The peaceful draught horse was put in his place.

The reaper went back to work. The reaper cut splendidly the rest of this afternoon. As for me I never shocked wheat with such machine-like precision. I went at a dog-trot part of the time, and almost caught up with the machine.

The broncho should not have been called Dick. He should have been called Daniel Boone, or Davy Crockett or Custer or Richard, yes, Richard the Lion-hearted. He came dancing to the field this morning, between the enormous overshadowing mules, and dancing feebly this noon. He pulled the whole reaper till three o'clock. I remember I asked the driver at noon what made the broncho dance. He answered: "The flies on his ribs, I suppose."

I fancy Dick danced because he was made to die dancing, just as the Spartans rejoiced and combed their long hair preparing to face certain death at Thermopylæ.

I think I want on my coat of arms a broncho, rampant.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912. Great Bend, Kansas.

Yesterday I could lift three moderate-sized sheaves on the run. This morning I could hardly lift one, walking. This noon the foreman of the ranch, the man who, with his brother, disciplined the broncho, was furiously angry with me, because, as I plainly explained, I was getting too much sun and wanted a bit of a rest. He inquired, "Why didn't you tell me two days ago you were going to be overcome by the heat, so I could have had a man ready to take your place?" Also, "It's no wonder dirty homeless men are walking around the country looking for jobs." Also, a little later: "I have my opinion of any man on earth who is a quitter."

But I kept my serenity and told him that under certain circumstances I was apt to be a quitter, though, of course, I

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did not like to overdo the quitting business. I remained unruffled, as I say, and handed him and his brother copies of *The Gospel of Beauty* and *Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread* and bade them good-bye. Then I went to town and told the local editor on them for their horse-killing, which, I suppose, was two-faced of me.

The tenant's attitude was perfectly absurd. Hands are terribly scarce. A half day's delay in shocking that wheat would not have hurt it, or stopped the reaper, or altered any of the rest of the farm routine. He fired me without real hope of a substitute. I was working for rock-bottom wages and willing to have them docked all he pleased if he would only give me six hours to catch up in my tiredness.

Anyway, here I am in the Saddlerock Hotel, to which I have paid in advance a bit of my wages, in exchange for one night's rest. I enclose the rest to you. I will start out on the road to-morrow, bathed, clean, dead broke and fancy free. I have made an effort to graduate from beggary into the respectable laboring class, which you have so often exhorted me to do.

I shall try for employment again, as soon as I rest up a bit. I enjoyed the wheat and the second-hand reaper, and the quaintness of my employers and all till the death of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

I am wondering whether I ought to be as bitter as I am against the horse-killers. We cannot have green fields just for bronchos to gambol in, or roads where they can trot unharnessed and nibble by the way. We must have Law and Order and Discipline.

But, thanks to the Good St. Francis who marks out my path for me, I start to-morrow morning to trot unharnessed once again.

SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1912. In front of the general store at Wright, Kansas, which same is as small as a town can get.

I have been wondering why Destiny sent me to that farm where the horse-killers flourished. I suppose it was that Dick might have at least one mourner. All the world's heroes are

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heroes because they had the qualities of constancy and dancing gameness that brought him to his death.

Some day I shall hunt up the right kind of a Hindu and pay him filthy gold and have him send the ghost of Dick to those wretched men. They will be unable to move, lying with eyes a-staring all night long. Dreadful things will happen in that room, dreadful things the Hindu shall devise after I have told him what the broncho endured. They shall wake in the morning, thinking it all a dream till they behold the horse-shoe prints all over the counterpane. Then they will try to sit up and find that their ribs are broken—well, I will leave it to the Hindu.

I have been waiting many hours at this town of Wright. To-day and yesterday I made seventy-six miles. Thirty-five of these miles I made yesterday in the automobile of the genial and scholarly Father A. P. Heimann of Kinsley, who took me as far as that point. I have been loafing here at Wright since about four in the afternoon. It is nearly dark now. Dozens of harvesters, already engaged for the week, have been hanging about and the two stores have kept open to accommodate them. There is a man to meet me here at eight o'clock. I may harvest for him four days. I told him I would not promise for longer. He has taken the train to a station further east to try to get some men for all week. If he does not return with a full quota he will take me on. While I am perfectly willing to work for two dollars and a half, many hold out for three.

The man I am waiting for overtook me two miles east of this place. He was hurrying to catch his train. He took me into his rig and made the bargain. He turned his horse over to me and raced for the last car as we neared the station. So here I am, a few yards from the depot, in front of the general store, watching the horse of an utter stranger. Of course the horse isn't worth stealing, and his harness is half twine and wire. But the whole episode is so careless and free and Kansas-like.

Most of the crowd have gone, and I am awfully hungry. I might steal off the harness in the dark, and eat it. Somehow

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I have not quite the nerve to beg where I expect to harvest. I am afraid to try again in this fight with the sun, yet when a man overtakes me in the road and trusts me with his best steed and urges me to work for him, I hardly know how to refuse.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 21, 1912. Loafing and dozing on my bed in the granary on the farm near Wright, Kansas, where I have been harvesting a full week.

The man I waited for last Sunday afternoon returned with his full quota of hands on the "Plug" train about nine o'clock. Where was I to sleep? I began to think about a lumber pile I had seen, when I discovered that five other farmers had climbed off that train. They were poking around in all the dark corners for men just like me. I engaged with a German named Louis Lix for the whole week, all the time shaking with misgivings from the memory of my last break-down. Here it is, Sunday, before I know it. Lix wants me back again next year, and is sorry I will not work longer. I have totalled about sixteen days of harvesting in Kansas, and though I sagged in the middle I think I have ended in fair style. Enclosed find all my wages except enough for one day's stay at Dodge City and three real hotel meals there—sherbet and cheese and crackers, and finger bowls at the end, and all such folly. Harvest eating is grand in its way but somehow lacks frills. Ah, if eating were as much in my letters as in my thoughts, this would be nothing but a series of menus!

I have helped Lix harvest barley, oats and wheat, mainly wheat. This is the world of wheat. In this genial region one can stand on a soap-box and see nothing else to the horizon. Walking the Santa Fé Trail beside the railroad means walking till the enormous wheat-elevator behind one disappears because of the curvature of the earth, like the ships in the geography picture, and walking on and on till finally in the west the top of another elevator appears, being gradually revealed because this earth is not flat like a table, but, as the geography says, curved like an apple or an orange.

In these fields, instead of working a reaper with a sickle

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eight feet long, they work a header with a twelve-foot sickle. Instead of four horses to this machine, there are six. Instead of one man or two following behind to the left of the driver to pile sheaves into shocks, a barge, a most copious slatted receptacle, drives right beside the header, catching the unbound wheat which is thrown up loosely by the machine. One pitch-fork man in the barge spreads this cataract of headed wheat so a full load can be taken in. His pardner guides the team, keeping precisely with the header.

But these two bargemen do not complete the outfit. Two others with their barge or "header-box" come up behind as soon as the first box starts over to the stack to be unloaded. Here the sixth man, the stacker, receives it, and piles it into a small mountain nicely calculated to resist cyclones. The green men are broken in as bargemen. The stacker is generally an old hand.

Unloading the wheat is the hardest part of the bargeman's work. His fork must be full and he must be fast. Otherwise his pardner, who takes turns driving and filling, and who helps to pitch the wheat out, will have more than half the pitching to do. And all the time will be used up. Neither man will have a rest-period while waiting for the other barge to come up. This rest-period is the thing toward which we all wrestle. If we save it out we drink from the water-jugs in the corner of the wagon. We examine where the grasshoppers have actually bitten little nicks out of our pitchfork handles. nicks that are apt to make blisters. We tell our adventures, and, when the header breaks down, and must be tinkered endlessly, and we have a grand rest, the stacker sings a list of the most amazing cowboy songs. He is a young man, yet rode the range here for seven years before it became wheat-country. One day when the songs had become hopelessly, prosaically pornographic I yearned for a change. I quoted the first stanza of Atalanta's chorus:

> "When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
> The mother of months, in meadow or plain,
> Fills the hollows and windy spaces
> With laughter of leaves and ripple of rain——"

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The stacker asked for more. I finished the chorus. Then I repeated it several times, while the header was being mended. We had to get to work. The next morning when my friend climbed into our barge to ride to the field he began:

> "'When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
> The mother of months, in meadow or plain,
> Fills the hollows——'

"Dammit, what's the rest of it? I've been trying to recite that piece all night."

Now he has the first four stanzas. And last evening he left for Dodge City to stay overnight and Sunday. He was resolved to purchase *Atalanta in Calydon* and find in the Public Library *The Lady of Shallot* and *The Blessed Damozel,* besides paying the usual visit to his wife and children.

Working in a header-barge is fun, more fun than shocking wheat, even when one is working for a Mennonite boss. The crew is larger. There is occasional leisure to be social. There is more cool wind, for one is higher in the air. There is variety in the work. One drives about a third of the time, guides the wheat into the header a third of the time and empties the barge a third of the time. The emptying was the back-breaking work.

And I was all the while fearful, lest, from plain awkwardness, or shaking from weariness, I should stick some man in the eye with my pitchfork. But I did not. I came nearer to being a real harvester every day. The last two days my hands were so hard I could work without gloves, this despite the way the grasshoppers had chewed the fork-handle.

Believe everything you have ever heard of the Kansas grasshoppers.

The heights of the header-barge are dramatically commanding. Kansas appears much larger than when we are merely standing in the field. We are just as high as upon a mountain-peak, for here, as there, we can see to the very edges of the eternities.

Now let me tell you of a new kind of weather.

Clouds thicken overhead. The wind turns suddenly cold.

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We shiver while we work. We are liable in five minutes to a hailstorm, a terrific cloudburst or a cyclone. The horses are unhitched. The barges are tied end to end. And *still* the barges may be blown away. They must be anchored even more safely. The long poles to lock the wheels are thrust under the bed through the spokes. It has actually been my duty to put this pole in the wheels every evening to keep the barges from being blown out of the barn-lot at night. Such is the accustomed weather excitement in Kansas. Just now we have excitement that is unusual. Just as the storm is upon us it splits and passes to the north and south. There is not a drop of rain.

We are at work again in ten minutes. In two hours the sky is clear and the air is hot and alkaline. And ten thousand grasshoppers are glad to see that good old hot wind again, you may believe. They are preening themselves, each man in his place on the slats of the barge. They are enjoying their chewing tobacco the same as ever.

Wheat, wheat, wheat, wheat! States and continents and oceans and solar-systems of wheat! We poor ne'er-do-weels take our little part up there in the header half way between the sky and the earth, and in the evening going home, carrying Mister Stacker-Man in our barge, we sing *Sweet Rosy O'Grady* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* And the most emphatic and unadulterated tramp among us harvesters, a giant Swiss fifty years old, gives the yodel he learned when a boy.

This is a German Catholic family for which I have been working. We have had grace before and after every meal, and we crossed ourselves before and after every meal, except the Swiss, who left the table early to escape being blest too much.

My employers are good folk, good as the Mennonites. My boss was absolutely on the square all the week, as kind as a hard-working man has time to be. It gave me great satisfaction to go to Mass with him this morning. Though some folks talk against religion, though it sometimes appears to be a nuisance, after weighing all the evidence of late presented, I prefer a religious farmer.

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HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

Here's to the spirit of fire, wherever the flame is unfurled,
In the sun, it may be, as a torch, to lead on and enlighten the world;
That melted the glacial streams, in the day that no memories reach,
That shimmered in amber and shell and weed on the earliest beach;
The genius of love and of life, the power that will ever abound,
That waits in the bones of the dead, who sleep till the judgment shall sound.
Here's to the spirit of fire, when clothed in swift music it comes,
The glow of the harvesting songs, the voice of the national drums;
The whimsical, various fire, in the rhymes and ideas of men,
Buried in books for an age, exploding and writhing again,
And blown a red wind round the world, consuming the lies in its mirth,
Then locked in dark volumes for long, and buried like coal in the earth.
Here's to the comforting fire in the joys of the blind and the meek,
In the customs of letterless lands, in the thoughts of the stupid and weak.
In the weariest legends they tell, in their cruelest, coldest belief,
In the proverbs of counter or till, in the arts of the priest or the thief.
Here's to the spirit of fire, that never the ocean can drown,
That glows in the phosphorent wave, and gleams in the sea-roses' crown;
That sleeps in the sunbeam and mist, that creeps as the wise can but know,
A wonder, an incense, a whim, a perfume, a fear and a glow,
Ensnaring the stars with a spell, and holding the earth in a net,
Yea, filling the nations with prayer, wherever man's pathway is set.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A HARVARD MAN

HAROLD E. STEARNS

II

DURING my final year I lived in Divinity Hall, nominally a Hall for the use of students in the graduate school of Theology, but nowadays largely occupied by undergraduates and students in the Law School. I remember a joke then current about Divinity,—" First 'Thelog': 'Going to live in Divinity?' Second 'Thelog': 'No, sir, I don't want to live with a crowd of damned atheists!'" I found most of the men serious, hard workers there, which was one reason I selected Divinity, knowing as I did how important it was for me to be able to work hard and uninterruptedly, if I hoped to accomplish what I had set my heart on. Rooming alone and spending only my sleeping and studying periods in Divinity, I did not attempt to make many friends there. My social hours were spent in gatherings at other classmates' rooms. Directly above me, however, lived a preacher, who was studying Philosophy in the Graduate School, and during the year we became rather good friends. I recall that each Sunday morning, while I was still sleeping peacefully, he was out delivering a sermon to a country church. Toward dusk he would return, remove his long frock coat and entertain me with some of the raciest stories it has ever been my good fortune to hear. He had a theory, somewhat like that of my old Senior friends, that it made him "human," and I honestly believe it did. All in all, my final year was not an unpleasant one. Yet after the dreary hot days of July and August in the Summer School, I packed my suit-case eagerly and left for New York. How quickly I was to long for the academic, secluded atmosphere of Divinity Hall of Cambridge in the bustling New York newspaper world!

Looking back over those three and a half years, one fact comes to mind more frequently and persistently than any other, —and that was my loneliness. I do not mean I lacked companionship; there was always plenty of that. Harvard men are

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like all other men in being distinctively social animals. I mean, simply, intellectual loneliness. Men interested in intellectual things were, to begin with, rare and those that were interested were difficult to find and know. Part of my loneliness, I readily admit, was due to my being somewhat morbidly self-centred, but the larger part of it was due to conditions over which I had no control. Until my final year, I had little human contact with my professors and then only with two of them. Big classes, I believe are a curse. In many of the more popular courses the classes were so large that they had to be divided into several sections for the weekly "conference." These sections were under the control, generally, of graduate students, who, however able or intelligent, seldom had a personality that would stimulate or arouse the energies of an Emerson, let alone a score or more of normally lazy young men. The lectures were given by the professor in charge, and it was depressing how perfunctory these lectures too often were. Among the student body, you met stimulating, earnest men more or less by chance. Out of perhaps two hundred men whom I know intimately or well enough to speak to, a bare half dozen could be called, if you maintained any high and firm standard of excellence, men of brains.

First there was Walter Lippmann, whom I call by his own name, for he has since, through the publication of his stimulating *A Preface to Politics,* become generally known. Lippmann was the leader of the "radicals" at Harvard a little before my day, and he was by far the ablest and soundest thinker of that camaraderie. Lippmann was a Jew and possessed a fairly comfortable income. He exhibited a well-balanced personality in all the various departments of college life. He contributed to the college magazines; he was a good enough athlete to row on the Weld dormitory crew. He was also a fine scholar. He was a member of political clubs, of course, and he did not mock at the "social service" work of Brooks House. In his attitude toward women he was sane and just, furnishing a striking contrast to the contemptuous attitude toward the intellectual powers of women, characteristic of many of Harvard's "intellectuals." Lippmann led an exceptionally clean life, and was the secret envy of all us lesser moral fry. Like most big men he is hard to

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classify, but I believe he is a type more commonly found in French and German universities than at Harvard.

Then there was Loring,* a Jew also. Loring was the hard-working kind of student—too human to be called "a grind"—who later becomes a college professor and writes books on the Chaucerian grammar and the classic influences in Elizabethan Literature. He gained most of his income from scholarships. Loring graduated *summa cum laude* in English.

Henley * comes next in my recollection. He had, I think, the clearest mind I have ever encountered, and like most men who have clear minds he was consistent and dogmatic to the point of madness. He had, besides a quick intelligence, tremendous power of self-imposed application. There was little sympathy for the romantic enthusiasms of others in his nature, and of æstheticism not a trace. He led a meticulously clean life, but like many men interested in intellectual things he was on occasion a hard drinker. From Henley I received my quickest and most frequent help, and also the least amount of praise. I cannot recall a single occasion on which he praised me for anything, except when I told him that I had been recommended to the faculty for a degree with distinction. He extended his hand and said warmly: "Put it there, old man." Henley went into law after a long struggle with himself during which he hesitated before the lure of a Ph.D. Interested as he is in politics, I shall not be surprised to find him some day the attorney-general of one of our leading States. I know he has never regretted his choice of the law.

McVickars * was another able student. The son of a noted man, he was inclined to be snobbish, although he tried hard—almost pathetically hard—to be democratic. McVickars was the type of man who reads Nietzsche *in the original German* for a summer "stunt." He, like all the other intellectuals except Lippmann, was contemptuous of the intellectual powers of women. Wilder,* another Jew, was a clean Emersonian soul. He, too, had a clear, original mind. He later went abroad as a Sheldon fellow.

Stevens * was a good all-round scholar, whom I much ad-

* A fictitious name has been used, for obvious reasons.

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mired. I did not have the good fortune to know him personally. And why could I not know him? Because there was nothing to pull us together. Harvard supplied no bonds of connection, and it is an unpardonable sin at Harvard to ask a classmate to your room for a talk unless you have somewhere been formally introduced. With Stevens, as Lamb might say, I close the catalogue of Grecians at Harvard in my time.

It is interesting to discover that, of these six men, three were Christians, three Jews. Four possessed comfortable incomes and the leisure which goes with such good fortune, while the two who were self-supporting derived their chief source of income from scholarships. None of the six, in other words, did any kind of work other than their college work. Walter Lippmann was the only one of the six whom I knew to take regular physical exercise, although all of the men were interested in the competitive side of athletics and were regular attendants at football and other games. Only three, to my knowledge, were members of the Phi Beta Kappa, and none of the six took the fact of membership in it as any distinction. In explanation of their attitude, they often told me they thought the Phi Beta Kappa *professionalized the knack of getting marks,* instead of which it ought to have gathered together the intellectual men of the college. (How fair this criticism was I am unable to say, for I myself was not interested in the Phi Beta Kappa and I knew nothing of its method of selection, beyond the general fact that it tried to avoid admitting to membership men who *merely* studied, i. e., were "grinds.") All six men smoked,—all, except one or two, drank, although—Henley aside—in moderation. All of them led exceptionally clean lives as far as women were concerned. They did not even indulge in the innocent pastime of "fussing," the Western equivalent of which is, I believe, "queening." I remember Henley once remarked almost boastingly that he had never been seen with a girl during the four years he had studied in Cambridge. Every one of the six had had a thorough classical training before entering Harvard, and five of them took courses either in Latin or Greek while they were in college. None of these men came from the West, although I knew many men at Harvard whose home was the other side of the Missis-

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sippi, and I often wondered why it was that, speaking generally, the Western men so often impressed one as made of mediocre intellectual fibre. Two of the six "intellectuals" belonged to Harvard's exclusive social clubs; four of the six did not. Five of these men took degrees with distinction in Philosophy, Loring being the only exception. He took his in English.

It will probably strike the attention of suffragists that all these "intellectuals," Lippmann alone excepted, were contemptuous of the intellectual powers of women. Except for the Socialists, this was the customary attitude of all the better students. Among the great unthinking class, the attitude taken toward women was simply shocking. Most men at Harvard seemed to regard women as creatures ordained by Heaven to minister to their pleasure and comfort. When Mrs. Pankhurst lectured in Brattle Hall on woman suffrage, it was the occasion for a small riot, universally pronounced "very amusing." To me, the subsequent vote of the corporation to debar women speakers from college halls seemed almost equally stupid and mediæval. Harvard is fifty years behind Western colleges in this respect.

Now the attitude toward women of such men as Loring, Wilder, McVickars and Henley could under no circumstances be called an unthinking or prejudiced one. To understand it best, one needs to see that it partook of the nature of paradox. These men knew all the arguments that the Socialists and the members of the Harvard Men's League for Woman Suffrage mouthed so loudly. They were familiar with John S. Mill, Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis. But, since it was thought so "enlightened" to argue for woman's rights, these men took it upon themselves to show how much more "enlightened" it was to argue against them. All sorts of reasons—the "force" theory of government and biological analogies—were advanced. It was part of a general Harvard desire to be epigrammatic, paradoxical and "different." I remember Wilder, when caught in the statement, "the Greeks had the right 'dope' on women—they kept them in the kitchen," advocated in a lengthy and a highly logical and ingenious speech a return to the class system, kingship and slavery, to prove his point. Remarkable as his argument was—he tried to show how the feeling of security

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more than compensated for social inequality—we all felt that he was showing how sharp his wits were rather than attempting to voice his real convictions.

Two of these six men were of my own class; four of higher classes. Except for an occasional man, most of the graduate students were repelling to me. They seemed oversophisticated, patronizing, inhuman and lacking in certain finer qualities of healthy enthusiasm. I realize as I write this that it is an unjust criticism, but I believe it reflects the feeling of nearly all undergraduates. Of the scientific men I knew few; those I did know were hard workers—and uninteresting.

In the nature of things, no man looking for intellectual companionship will have precisely my experience. I think, however, he will have something very closely approximating to it. And I honestly believe he will find it difficult to get acquainted with more than six undergraduates whom he can fairly think of as "big men." Of course there *will be* more than six, but only by happy chance will he get to know them.

Of the æsthetes and dilettantes there were scores at Harvard. Practically every student at some time or other had dilettante enthusiasms. By a dilettante I mean a man who plays at studying rather than studies, a man who is content with vague feelings about things in general as against clear ideas about things in particular. Dilettantes have few notions they will fight for, and they hold their beliefs languidly, with an air of boredom. They are "precious." Judged by the same standards that I have used in judging the six "intellectuals," I myself would have to be reckoned a dilettante in Philosophy. (Recall the old adage that a cat may look at a king.) And there was some satisfaction in recognizing that one or two of our professors would not improperly be pigeon-holed in this division of civilized man. First among the æsthetes were those of the intellectual variety. These men took a few courses in Philosophy, in Economics and in Literature. They knew no subject well, and they had no firmly outlined general background. But epigrams and dogmatisms would fall from their lips with unhesitating, staccato-like rapidity. Lazy Jews with big incomes helped to swell the number under this type. Then there were the artistic dilettantes, men

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who oftenest specialized in English, read Walter Pater, and talked of "style" until one prayed for another Carlyle to thunder against cant. There were even æsthetic radicals who toyed with Utopias, as a healthy man would toy with a spaniel. Upon winter nights in warm rooms, and with full stomachs, they would talk of the necessity of making the poor appreciate the beauty in such an abstraction as "social consciousness."

And now the average Harvard undergraduate, in whom a democracy is naturally more interested. He is not half so snobbish as he is said to be in popular tradition. During the anxieties of "making" certain clubs and, generally, during the entire Sophomore year, the Harvard undergraduate is at his snobbish worst. During most of his four years, however, he is democratic, he is generous, he is good-natured. His morals as a class are, I believe, higher than the morals of any equal number of young men in the business or industrial world. Of the many men I knew, it was the exceptional man who got drunk as a regular thing, although practically all Harvard men drink in moderation, and I knew but ten men who did not smoke. It was the decidedly exceptional man who had immoral relations with women. Harvard men as a rule lead surprisingly clean lives. I say "surprisingly," for there is a popular tradition which upholds the opposite view. But it is the wealthy Freshman who has an auto, keeps a mistress "in town" and foolishly boasts of it, that brings by his exceptional conduct discredit on the student body in general. On the other hand, when a Harvard man went bad, having plenty of time to cultivate his vices, he usually went about the limit. It was not the custom of Harvard men to criticise one another, however; they accepted the "sports" and said nothing. It was exceedingly rare, though, if this kind of man attained any position of influence in his class.

Few Harvard men go to church, or take religion seriously. The keynote of their attitude toward any dignified institution of long standing is irreverence—even toward Harvard itself. In their habits of work practically all undergraduates are hopelessly bad. They are slovenly and lazy. They shirk and procrastinate. They look upon anyone who keeps to a regular routine as "queer." They have developed the wasting of time into

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a fine art. And among this great body of average students the intellectual men moved unknown, their influence for good not utilized. Harvard made little effort to forge vital connections between them and the average student. It almost pronounced a blessing on their isolation.

Politics among the majority of students was a poor topic of conversation. They were not interested. Even the sham political rallies were largely excuses for the fun of carrying a torch or the excitement of marching into Boston. When a presidential straw ballot was held in a perfectly serious spirit, scores of votes were cast for John, the lunch man. In my Sophomore year I soon realized that those early talks in Hollis were exceptional, talks in which "Fingy Conners," C. F. Murphy and Mayor Fitzgerald, among numerous others, were discussed as human beings and their motives carefully analyzed. The contrast of Harvard with Oxford in this respect is striking, according to General Charles F. Adams. "Tradition is the determining factor," he says. "Politics are a tradition at Oxford. They play an important part in undergraduate life. How many Harvard men will tell you they are going into public service? Not one. Not a man. They'll tell you they are going into business, which means Wall Street, a broker's office, or anywhere and everywhere that they can make money."

Wherever graduate students in the Law School roomed, they contrived to stimulate a mild interest in current events, although it was amusing how the political conservatism of the Law School was like a red flag to a bull in its effect on the members of the Harvard Socialist Club. To give the devil its due, this same Socialist Club was, in undergraduate life, a most potent influence for good. It was practically the only place at Harvard where contemporary politics was discussed seriously. By its invitation to anarchist speakers to come and address the students, by its continual "muck-raking" of college institutions (for example, its members discussed in college magazines whether or not the "goodies" received "a living wage") and by its frequent advocacy of co-education, I fancy it was something of a thorn in the side of the faculty. And healthy as was the influence of the Socialist Club, the Club was far from completely

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satisfying. Walter Lippmann was the only able man I knew connected with it. It was composed for the most part of extremists and faddists, men with "*idées fixes*," as the French say, who had personal plans in the coming redemption of the world from the grasp of capitalism. It needed a club of vigorous and able opponents to give it balance.

The least important side of Harvard life is the athletic side. Most men take enough exercise to keep healthy and let it go at that. I myself loved to play handball on cold, snappy afternoons during autumn. Then a warm shower, followed by a cold spray, in the antiquated Hemenway gymnasium made me relish dinner. In the spring, there were scores of "scrub" baseball teams, enough of them to give everybody who wanted to a chance to play. Tennis was also popular. May afternoons it was pleasant to scull or canoe up the Charles River to Mount Auburn, or down the river under the Harvard Bridge past the long green Esplanade, directly behind Beacon Street in Boston. The lack of a college swimming pool was a standing disgrace. If one cared at all about swimming and had not the good fortune to live in a private dormitory like Dunster or Claverly, which had their own, the continuous popping up of all kinds of new buildings—libraries, laboratories and the like—with never a word about a new gymnasium, led to ironical reflections. Most men wanted to see Harvard win in all intercollegiate matches, but except for the Yale, Dartmouth and Princeton games, this desire never became an all-consuming passion. Often during the early fall football games, men would ask me, "Whom are we playing to-day?" Curiously enough, this side of Harvard—the side least indicative of the inner college life—is the very side of Harvard by which the general public knows us best. Going back to my room with Henley from the Stadium, I often thought how little that chattering crowd knew of the eternal springs of Harvard's greatness.

With all the intelligent Harvard men I knew religion was a matter for interesting intellectual argument; with but one—a sturdy Roman Catholic—was it a matter of vital human faith and of personal vision. The ritualistic and formalistic sides of religion had few defenders. I remember when I entered Har-

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vard various questions were asked me on a printed slip. One of them was: "Have you any church affiliations?" To which I could not resist answering, "No—thank God!" This cheap flippancy of youth is not uncharacteristic of the attitude of many Harvard Freshmen after their first flush of freedom from home restraints and "a little knowledge" of Biology and Economics. But I cannot insist too strongly: *It is the kind of flippant attitude which nearly all Harvard men outgrow.* They outgrow it partly, of course, through the simple process of becoming more mature, but the very freedom of Harvard, its non-insistence on religious observance, are also effective in making them outgrow it. Their religious consciousness is deepened; the men that think at all come sooner or later to view life seriously and to view the religious problem as one of the most serious and far-reaching problems in life. They acquire the superficial human vices of drinking, smoking, *et al.,* which I for one do not think a fact to be mourned. But if one does happen to mourn it, one may safely set against such acquisition the deepening of the religious consciousness. It has sometimes seemed to me that it could not unfairly be said that Harvard men, as they became less churchly, became more religious.

One of the superficial human vices, which I have not spoken of, yet which must be in the background of honest people's minds when they think of college men, is the telling of "smutty stories." Frankly, most of the men I knew in college told and enjoyed such stories. The "intellectuals" were no exception; indeed, their stories were usually of the choicest order. Henley was fond of quoting the epigram of a witty Frenchman, "One touch of lubricity makes the whole world kin," after which he would with great relish tell us a new tale from Casanova. I think it was Henley, too, who smilingly coined the phrase "the divine democracy of dirt and disease." (And Henley, be it remembered, himself led a scrupulously clean life.) Harvard men, as a rule, realized the healthy side to this, for that there *is* a healthy side to it anyone at all conversant with the modern psychology of "suppressed complexes" well knows. Like the Seniors and the minister, the students believed with an almost religious earnestness that the telling of such stories "made them human."

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Yet it had its humorous side. McVickers said that there was a regular education in "Smutology" at Harvard, and that it was divided into four classes. "Smut 1" consisted in a lecture delivered to Freshmen on the curse of certain diseases. "Smut 2" was the study of elementary physiology during which the bodily effects of these diseases were depicted in vivid lantern slides. On these occasions three or four men regularly fainted and were carried from the class-room amid the loud cheers of the assembled students. Ironically, it was the men who were well known for their moral lives that succumbed, while the hardened sinners sat unmoved and craved for more, which is a not uninteresting comment on our modern theory that increased knowledge acts as a moral deterrent. "Smut 3" was reserved for Seniors. It was a seminar in Abnormal Psychology, at which the Professor in charge would regale the students with examples of the world's worst literature. Only graduates in the Law School were allowed the privilege of attending. "Smut 4"—a course in Criminal Law. Upon the subtle sex intricacies of this advanced course I do not need to dwell.

In general conclusion, I wish to emphasize again the main contentions of my "Confessions." It is not that the individual life at Harvard is a bad thing. It is, perhaps, the finest thing about Harvard. I am suspicious of the false homogeneity and democracy to be brought about by the new Freshman dormitories, where all first-year men *must* live. The bad thing is that men interested in intellectual things are often unwarrantably lonely. There are few spontaneous clubs to draw such men together, and able scholarship is far too much professionalized. The college itself makes little intelligent effort to bring such men together; even the Faculty is a group of persons apart. And until it is frankly recognized that the best *teacher* may never write a long book on his specialty, this condition is likely to continue. Socrates was perhaps the world's greatest teacher, yet he wrote no books. He was a source of intellectual stimulation —a spiritual midwife—rather than a professional knowledge-monger. Part of this loneliness we can justly say then is due to Harvard. And there is the bitter truth that intellectual men are rare, something due not to Harvard but to our own civilization

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and current social ideals. Is it any wonder that Harvard, as I said, fails to stimulate its students to take advantage of their opportunities?

For the encouragement of bad habits of work at Harvard, there is no adequate excuse the college can make. It is the university's business to see that the students work regularly and not spasmodically. It is not enough merely to preach against "cramming"; it must somehow be actually abolished, even if a radical step has to be taken, such as the doing away altogether with formal, written examinations.

Again, the lack of vigorous intellectual discipline at Harvard is something for which the college is entirely to blame. I distinctly remember the feeling of despair which came over me as I stood in my cap and gown in the Commencement procession, suddenly realizing how so many of us were hopelessly uneducated—we who, ten minutes later, were to be welcomed into the fellowship of educated men! Now many people have asked me if discipline is not valuable only when self-imposed, and of course it cannot be denied that discipline is *more* valuable when so imposed. But what is going to be done with the great body of American young men who are impatient of all discipline, impatient, most of all, of a discipline of ideas? Harvard cannot be run on the basis that its students are all Nathaniel Shalers or John Fiskes. Why not make the college stand for something definite? Why not stiffen up the courses all round and make certain of the broader and more fundamental courses compulsory? I am thoroughly in sympathy with President Lowell in his removal of the pure elective system. I even wish he would go further. For a college student would have plenty of time to indulge his intellectual hobby, were all his courses compulsory.

Of the steady growth of modern utilitarian ideals at Harvard, I can speak only with regret. A general culture, I believe, is still a man's best training for any special work. I believe that a man's first duty is to be an all-round educated man, before he is an artist, a scientist, a lawyer, a doctor or a writer. Furthermore, I believe he is in the long run a better lawyer, doctor or writer for being first an all-round educated man, as our present-day enthusiasts for specialization (a specialization which almost

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seems at times to begin in the cradle) may discover to their cost. Using philosophy in its older and better meaning of general knowledge and conviction, I believe with William James that Touchstone's question is the one with which men should always meet one another—"Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" "A man with no philosophy in him," James goes on to say, "is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all social mates."

My year of newspaper work in New York has strengthened these beliefs. The average college graduate is either insulted or thinks you are joking if you ask him if he reads Latin for pleasure. He is busy making money, and has "no time for general reading." He is a specialist and rather proud of the fact, forgetful of the truth that while specialization is a good thing economically, it is a wicked thing spiritually. About the only nexus between man and man in New York is a cash nexus. Men are drifting further and further apart. We shall not be bound together through any cheap doctrine of brotherhood, or "socialization of industry." That is mechanical, from the outside, and its propulsive force is largely self-interest. We shall be bound together only through digging deeper into our own spiritual selves, and discovering their true kinship with the deeper selves of others. I do not mean this in any mystical sense; it is an honest discovery of experience. For what binds men together is not sympathy or natural impulse, but a humanistic discipline. "Sir," Dr. Johnson once growled at Boswell, "natural affection is nothing, but affection from principle and established duty is sometimes wonderfully strong." It is the business of all universities to furnish such a humanistic discipline. Goethe observes that what makes the truth so hard for most men is that the truth is surrounded with check, with limitation and with discipline. Harvard to-day is not a college of check, of limitation and of discipline; it is rather a college of expansion, which means in practice a college where you take your ease and relax. Yet the motto of Harvard is "Veritas."

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THE SONG OF THE WIND

JOHN ALLAN WYETH, JR.

I LOVE to dream in the sun,
Here where the fields are still
With the silence of life,
Here where the fields are still
With the beauty of life . . .
And the flowers dream in the sun,
And the river, half asleep, and the dream of the river is mine,
The dreams of the flowers are mine
And we are one . . .

But I tire, soon, and I long
To trouble the rest of all . . .
And the river stirs at my call
And the flowers tremble and sway
And the leaves have begun their song . . .

But I have lost my dream,
And search as I may
It angers me that in vain
I search for a thing that is lost . . .
It angers me that in vain
The fallen leaves are tossed,
That I plunge my hands in the grass;
That I turn and turn as I pass,
With ever a sidelong glance
Over the field . . .

There shall I find my dream,
Where the willows shield
The hidden breast of the stream,
And the sly reeds dance . . .
But in vain
I search in the mantle of leaves where the sunlight slants,
And down in the reeds that strain

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At my touch, and down in the water that clouds like a shattered glass,
And is veiled as I pass . . .

Here shall I find, where the shade
Of the forest lies
Deep on the green below,
Where the spring comes down through the glade
With its murmuring flow . . .
And it angers me that in vain
I seek in the forest land,
That all things shrink from my hand,
That the peace of the forest dies . . .

Or shall I find, where the walls
Of the garden stand,
Here where the wild thorn grows and the dead leaf falls,
And the broken step leads down to the hidden path?
But the gray weeds cringe at my wrath
And it angers me that in vain
I search for a thing that is lost . . .

What of this thing that is lost?

I wander here
In the shadow of night that smothers the dreary moor,
By the lonely marsh where the water strangles the land,
And down where the dead things stand in the mere . . .
But I am not sure
Of the dream I seek, and I wander here in the dark and the rain like one that is blind,
Forgetting the thing I seek, that I cannot find . . .

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THE AWAKENING OF ARCHIMEDES

MARY E. HANSELL

EUPHEMIA was a "burler" and sat all day long at a table, beside the big, blonde Sophie Schleyhahan, picking knots out of the interminable rolls of cloth, that she could hear clacking and slamming into being in the weave room across the hall.

She had been burling for five years. For five years she had been in her seat at seven A. M., stopping an hour at noon to swallow her meagre lunch and listen to the silly chatter of the two-score girls and men, who ate from their hands, out of tin pails and newspapers, and drank, every one of them, from the same old, battered tin dipper.

For five years Euphemia had jumped when the whistle blew for six o'clock, huddled on her shabby, gray cloak, and pushed and jostled her way with the rest to the sidewalk, where the men and girls paired off and whooped along on their devious homeward ways.

All but Euphemia. There never was any mate waiting to pair with Euphemia. Men and boys never gave her even a look. But she was used to it, so it did not bother her at all. She had a round, gray-grimy face, ash-colored hair, a nondescript nose and a pair of vague-looking pale eyes, so she was no beauty.

She was twenty-eight and had never had a lover. Sophie Schleyhahan had eleven rings on her fingers—all of them engagement rings.

"You're a chump," Sophie was saying. "Here I trun down ten fellas—all but Pete Laskodi. I got all 'leven rings yet. This here world's no 'count 'lessen folks loves. I don't know what makes me work five years at the same table 'longside such a greenhorn."

But, in her secret heart, Sophie knew that her big blondness showed off to great advantage beside poor little Euphemia's grayness.

Euphemia pondered: "This world's no 'count 'lessen folks loves."

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Love? She *must* love. She realized that she was literally starving for love.

"I *will* love!" she cried, inaudibly.

That night she wormed her way through the hustling, laughing crowd, that see-sawed and pranced, and knocked elbows and squeezed sides. Nobody crowded up close to her; they paid no more attention to her than if she were invisible.

She let herself into her little gray room. Her bed with its gray blankets was waiting to be made, and her plate and cup stood waiting to be washed. She lit her smoky little oil stove and made herself a bowl of porridge. It was corn-meal porridge. Euphemia had never heard of pellagra, so she supped her porridge and molasses with relish.

When she had finished her repast, she tidied up the little gray room and ranged her few dishes on the shelf.

Then she sat down and rested her two gray elbows on her gray knees.

"Who will I love?" she wondered, long. "None of the fellows at the mill, they've all got girls of their own."

Across the street, Archimedes Potts and his doting mother lived in a tumble-down, ramshackle, three-roomed house. Mrs. Potts had a pension and did plain sewing and went out housecleaning, and so managed to keep the roof over their heads, and some food and coal ahead, and pay their insurances.

Archimedes did nothing at all. He was thirty years old and had been babied all his life. His mother did for him, as though he were helpless, instead of being a big-framed, red-headed specimen with latent muscles and an appetite like a farmhand's.

Mrs. Potts put on his shoes and socks every morning, patting his soiled feet, just as she used to do, when he lay, a rosy, gurgling infant, in her lap. She cut up his meat into small pieces, and set the plate before him and tied his bib lovingly about his neck.

After he ate, he usually sat on the front steps and whittled if the day was warm, and at other times he sat by the front windows and watched the passers-by, or read the almanac.

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His mother always returned in time to get in the coal and do the other chores.

Archimedes invariably greeted her with kisses and a loving smile. "He's so good to me," she would say, when expatiating upon his virtues. "He's just the dearest boy! I couldn't live without him."

And Archimedes was the object Euphemia selected, upon which to fix her affections. "For," said she, "nobody wants him, no more'n they do me. I won't be gittin' him away from no other girl, an' I'll love him! How I'll love him!"

Euphemia thought there was no use wasting time, once one's mind was made up. So she rearranged everything in the gray little room, and dusted out all the corners. Then she washed herself very clean and tied a screaming red ribbon around her neck. "When your dear one comes to see you, you must be all fixed up," said the poor, simple girl.

She sat, prim and expectant, till eight o'clock.

Then she rose, opened the door, and there, in her mind's eye, stood Archimedes. He, too, was very clean, and he carried a handkerchief which was wet with cologne. Euphemia thought she was fond of cologne, for she had smelt it once, a long time before, when she was nursemaid to the Katz children. And now, it was doubly sweet, being on her lover's handkerchief.

"Come in, my darling—Oh, come in!" she cried rapturously (mentally, of course, or old Mrs. Burnstein would hear her). She seated him in the little, gray rocking chair, and put a pillow behind his back, as she had, once, through the windows, seen his mother do.

She sat at his feet, on the wabbly little stool. She held his wrists, and said to him, "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

Over and over she said these words, looking intently into his face.

Euphemia didn't know any love-talk. She suspected that love was adoration and admiration, and so she sat for an hour, at his feet, looking steadily into his face, and repeating hundreds of times: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

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Over and over she said these words, and inhaled the fragrance of his clean pocket-handkerchief.

Then the little clock struck nine. Euphemia's bed time had come, so she released the wrists of Archimedes, and he passed through the door, which she held open for him, turning to lift his hat as he went through the gate.

Euphemia was in a glow. She felt like a new creature. The little gray room seemed to her to show a gleam of pink, here and there, on the walls.

"Oh, it's sweet to love," she whispered, as she snuggled up under her gray blankets.

"My beloved, my Archimedes!" she murmured over and over, till sleep came.

When she awoke in the gray dawn, she awoke in a new world. Her heart still beat warmly and happily. She arranged her attire with extreme care and left her room tidy, when she started to the mill.

She walked with a springy step, and her face had on it a new, sweet expression.

Pete Laskodi, waiting near the gate, for his morning glimpse of big blonde Sophie, raised his cap, as she passed.

"She's put' near got Soph' beat, this mornin'," was his admiring comment.

"Look at the face of her!" squealed Aileen Kelly, as Euphemia came into the burling room.

"Awful smiley. Bet she's got a beau!"

Seven or eight grinning, impish-looking younger girls joined hands, at that, and danced around Euphemia, singing——

"Ol' Miss 'Phemy's got a beau,
Got a beau, got a beau!
Ol' Miss 'Phemy's got a beau
So early in the mornin'!"

Euphemia took her seat, hot and scarlet. The salt tears rolled down her burning face. It was such a shock, the sudden transition from beatitude to mean, sordid teasing.

She worked nervously. Big Sophie eyed her, inquiringly. At last she asked: "What was ailin' you, 'Phemy?"

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Euphemia did not answer. She was looking at Aileen—Aileen, who, with her red-headed baby on her arm, could only make about half-time. Aileen the wretched one, who, though an outcast, could yet take an interest in the affairs of others, winking knowingly every time she caught the eye of another, and giving a sly nod toward Euphemia.

But in an hour or so the teasing had ceased, for one must give fairly good attention to one's work, or the pay will be less, come Saturday night.

Ingeborg, the taciturn, had taken no part in the fun. Euphemia sat across from her.

As the noon whistle blew and the girls were rushing pell-mell for their lunches, she touched Ingeborg's arm. "Ingeborg, what is love?" she whispered. Ingeborg pointed to the red-headed baby of Aileen. "That is what comes of it!" she snapped, and swept herself along in the noisy throng.

Poor Ingeborg! There was a little girl in a little mining town who had come, undesired, and of love, and therefore Ingeborg knew of what she spake.

Euphemia stood, with a sick feeling all over her. A red-headed baby! And Archimedes was red-headed!

"But if it's a make-believe baby, nobody will know it and I won't have to bring it to the mill with me."

And Euphemia's spirits rose and soared away up, so that when she sat down, amid the noisy, scuffling crowd, and ate her two slices of butterless bread, her two radishes, and her two thin shavings of bologna, she even took pleasure in the merciless chaffing that ensued.

As she sat again at the burling-table, Ingeborg leaned over and whispered: "If you're in love, cut it out! Nothing but misery and trouble comes of love!"

At that moment, blonde Sophie spread out her big white hands, with the eleven rings of varying degrees of brilliancy: "That's all right, 'Phemy. You get a ring, soon's you can. Me an' Pete's going to step it off, come next hay time."

Euphemia mused: "'Love is misery.' 'This world's no 'count 'ceppen' you love.' Sophie, she's happy, maybe I'll be happy, too."

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That night Euphemia had another blissful hour with Archimedes. She brushed her teeth very carefully, and was immaculately clean. "For to-night, I will kiss him," she said.

When Archimedes stood upon the doorstep, Euphemia drew him into her arms. "Oh, my beloved, my beloved!" she sighed in ecstasy.

She held his wrists for the whole, entrancing hour, saying, hundreds of times: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

She gazed intently into his face as she repeated her adoring words, thinking of the Archimedes who lay in satisfied slumber in the little house across the street.

When she let him out at the nine o'clock warning, she held his hand tenderly for a moment, and then, standing on tip-toe, pressed a kiss on the side of his firm, fragrant chin.

As she turned to go in, after watching him down the steps, old Mrs. Bernstein loomed up, from behind the lilac bush: "Vhas you feverish, 'Phemy?"

Euphemia, startled, hastily withdrew to the room, but the old woman followed her. "You vhas actin' mighty queer. Vhas you sayin' prayers all evenin'?"

Euphemia's small wits decided that the curtains would be drawn, the next evening. "I ain't sick," she told Mrs. Burnstein, confusedly. The old woman eyed her suspiciously, but went, grumbling, out, after a while.

Euphemia rose early the next morning. She looked around the little, dingy, gray room. "This ain't no fit place to have a fella in," was her comment.

She spent an hour, rubbing the windows and washing the paint. But, when her labor was over, the room still looked deplorably dingy.

There were numerous rat-holes. The rats were so troublesome that Euphemia always kept the broom by the bed at night, so that she could hit out and frighten them away.

That evening she came home with a lot of tin cans she had picked up in the alley. She persuaded Mrs. Burnstein to let her melt off the soldering in her oven, and then she nailed the pieces of tin over the rat-holes.

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But she was not thinking of the added comfort to herself; she was possessed with the feeling that she must make of her room a fit place in which to receive her beloved.

She saw Archimedes cast an approving glance around, as he entered the door. She did not kiss him until he was inside the room and the door shut, for her sharpened senses detected the smell of hot, sweaty flesh, amid the lilac blooms, and she knew Mrs. Burnstein was on the watch.

Euphemia never said any different words to Archimedes. But, hundreds of times, at each visit, she said in a mental voice, quivering with pent-up passion: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

The next day, as she was passing through the mill yard, she saw a man just finishing painting the wheels of a truck. He had a nearly empty bucket of bright red paint. Euphemia looked at the paint longingly. The man saw her: "Here! would you like to have the rest of this? It'll only dry up. Keep the brush, too; it won't be fit to use again."

Euphemia carried home her prize. There was enough paint to go over the doors, the mop board, the picture moulding and the two window frames, and also the corner cupboard and the little stool on which she nightly sat at the feet of Archimedes.

It looked very nice. The gray walls took on a cleaner tint by way of contrast and the effect was almost artistic. Mrs. Burnstein came in, just as she finished her task.

"Py Chimmeny, dis room look nice! Vhas you get a raise mit your vages? Vell, dis room wort' more as I t'ink. I will have one dollar more rent."

Poor Euphemia was beginning to find that love's path is hedged with trouble. But she was willing to pay a dollar a month more for the pretty little room. Besides, since Love had awakened her, she could work faster and she earned more. She had begun to earn at the rate of a dollar a day, whereas she had formerly earned eighty cents. So she simply said, in a resigned tone, "Yes, Mrs. Burnstein."

She was more than repaid for her labor by the admiring glances that Archimedes gave the room that evening.

She was careful to keep the curtains close and she paid no

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attention to the repeated loud knocks that came upon her door. She had to kneel all during her lover's stay, as the little stool was not dry enough, from its recent painting.

Mrs. Burnstein eyed her contemptuously, when she bade Archimedes good-night.

"You vhas fit for der crazy-house!" hissed the old woman amid the lilacs.

Some weeks went on. The mill hands began to remark how pretty Euphemia was growing. Her cheeks had pinkened and her eyes had in them a strange, new glint. Her step was light and her earning capacity growing every day.

Mrs. Potts, one evening, remarked to Archimedes:

"That Granger girl over there looks so different, here lately."

Archimedes did not say it, but he had been thinking the same. He seemed impelled to watch slyly for the coming and going of Euphemia. His mother had been very anxious about him for some time.

She had been in the habit of tucking him into bed at eight o'clock and seeing him fall asleep immediately like a healthy child.

For a week, though, he had been lying pale and trance-like, between the hours of eight and nine.

No amount of shaking or shouting could awaken him, till the clock struck nine.

Then, in a minute or two, he would relax, turn over, and go to sleep, naturally.

One night, as Mrs. Potts sat in agony, watching his stiff, pallid form, she saw a sudden tremor pass over him, as the old clock began solemnly to pound out the hour. His color came, he opened his eyes and sprang out of bed.

"By gosh! So I can," he called, as if to some one at a distance.

He looked sheepishly at his mother and climbed back. He turned his face from her and pretended to sleep. But he did not sleep, neither did he deceive his mother, who sat by him the entire night.

When the sun rose she left his bedside and prepared the

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breakfast. Archimedes dozed a little then, but awakened when his mother, tenderly, as had been her custom for all the years of his life, kissed him and said, "Get up, Lovey, breakfast is ready." Archimedes threw off the covers, and rolled out. His mother got his shoes and socks, but he snatched them from her, and, sitting on the floor, he put them on, himself, something he had never done before.

His mother watched him in grieved surprise. Tears filled her old eyes. "Oh, my boy, my baby, what is the matter?" she wailed, burying her face in her apron.

"Nothin's the matter," briskly replied Archimedes. "I'm thirty years old, and I can put on my shoes an' socks."

When they came to the table, he reached out for the meat platter. "Take care, darling. You'll spill the gravy on you." His mother prepared to cut up his meat, as usual, but he said: "I can do things. I ain't no baby. I can cut up my own meat."

His mother could not eat her breakfast, but sat, silent and miserable. When she left to go to her work, she kissed him, as if she were bidding him farewell forever.

Her retreating steps had barely ceased sounding, when Archimedes started for the woodshed. He got the axe and split all the kindling that was in sight. Then he cleaned up the coal shed and afterwards dug the grass out of the brick walk. He raked the yard and burned up a lot of trash, that had accumulated since his mother's last holiday.

He seemed like one released from bondage. He gloried in his strong arms, and whistled at his work. The neighbors all had their heads at the windows, but he noticed them not.

"What possesses Babe Potts?" they asked each other. They would have something new to gossip about, for Euphemia's craziness, as faithfully and widely reported by Mrs. Burnstein, was becoming monotonous.

They watched the red-headed young giant nail up the broken fence and wheel the ashes down to the end of the lot. They shook their heads, and buzzed still more when, after he had made the yard all tidy, he went into the house, and emerged from thence, clean, and attired in his Sunday clothes.

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Archimedes made straight for the wharf. He stood around till a freight boat came up. He asked for and got a job of unloading crates. He worked so well that, when the crates were all piled neatly, he was given a dollar and told to come back the next day.

His mother was home long ere his return. She was worried beyond expression, for never had she failed, before, to find him and his loving greeting awaiting her.

"He dressed up to the nines and went away," the next door neighbor told her.

Seven o'clock came, and still no Archimedes. At last, after another hour of agonized waiting, she heard the gate-latch click, and there, coming up the walk, head erect and striding masterfully, was her boy. He was as clean as when he left the house, and his eyes were sparkling. In his hand he had his dollar, which he laid on the table.

"I earned that," he said pridefully, "I can do things. I am going to earn some more to-morrow."

Mrs. Potts kissed him and wept over him. "Oh, my darling, my darling! I can't let you go out into the world. I can earn enough for us both."

"Mother!" It was a new Archimedes who spoke. "I can do things. I can earn our living. Nobody but loafers sits back and lets their mother get their living."

It was no use to try to reason with him. Each day he spurned her assistance in dressing, and each day found him, attired in jumper and overalls, at the wharf, where his great strength made him worth two dollars a day.

Each night saw him in his strange trance-like sleep. But he began to talk, as he lay so white and still. "I am, I am, I am," he would murmur, and always, just as he awoke, at the stroke of nine o'clock, "I *can,* I *will.*"

One evening, in the early fall, instead of going to bed at eight, he dressed himself with care, took his hat and prepared to go out.

"My boy, my boy, what does this mean?" moaned his mother. Archimedes was like one in a dream. He seemed to be listening to something. He moved, mechanically, through the

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door, down the walk, across the street, and tapped softly at Euphemia's door. Old Mrs. Burnstein saw him from behind the lilac bush.

Euphemia opened the door. "Oh, my darling, my love, my own," said she inaudibly. But Archimedes heard her with his sharpened mental ear. He seated himself in the chair. Euphemia sat at his feet. She took hold of his wrists. They seemed, warmly, like flesh and blood and bone, to her; but then Archimedes had been very real for some weeks.

She gazed into his eyes: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things," she repeated.

"I can!" came in tangible tones from his dear lips. And twisting his wrists from her grasp, he gathered her into his arms and kissed her.

Euphemia gasped, blankly. This was no phantom, such as she had loved and adored all spring and summer. She tried to free herself, but Archimedes was too masterful.

"You called me," he said. "I came. I love you, I love you."

Euphemia laid her head in his lap with a glad cry. The world was some account. She loved and was loved.

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FOR DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT

KATHARINE BAKER

WE sat on the grass, in a brilliant, blue-and-green world. The Captain's wife was plaiting a wreath of forget-me-nots for the cook's baby. The cook's baby commanded alterations in nasal Japanese; and I merely loafed, and approved the orderly pacing in front of the Commandant's door.

Presently the orderly's hand went up in quick salute. Somebody passed him with a clattering stride, and swung into the open hall beyond.

But I had seen a face. I turned, amazed, to the Captain's wife.

"What a horror!" I exclaimed. "And that's not an ill-set-up man, either. He has a sort of familiar look, too."

"Oh, has he?" answered the Captain's wife ironically, and dropped the wreath. "It's Venus Banister, you know."

I sat, stunned. Through the open windows we heard the Admiral suavely, and the Captain of the Yard hilariously, hail the newcomer. We heard his voice, replying.

"Don't you remember?" demanded the Captain's wife. "Ten years ago? He was a middy on the Massachusetts. Don't you remember the ship's dinners at Hampton Roads? How he led all the songs and danced the siva-sive, and was generally outrageous and beloved?"

I did remember. All that.

"He sang 'Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos' with great success." I recalled his accomplishments.

"Yes," she corroborated. "Until it was forbidden by special order from the Department. Also later.

> 'Underneath the roof of thatch,
> Where the ladies smoke and chew. . . .'

—oh, Venus did it nicely. . . . Run away, Kiku, Madame is busy," she added suddenly, thrusting forget-me-nots in heaps into obi folds, and pulling down the unfinished wreath over bobbed black hair, and little yellow ears.

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The baby waddled off. Madame clasped her hands. "Yes," said she abstractedly, "Venus has lost his looks. And they were the very best looks," she commented plaintively. "He's quite surprisingly a man, though. But he's certainly had bad luck.

"He was engaged to a New York girl, a showy little piece, I've heard. But his father, Paymaster Banister, got mixed up in a scandal. They broke him for malversation of funds. And the girl threw Venus over.

"Well, it's true you don't want your daughter to marry into a queer family. She engaged herself to a banker, and Venus went in for hard work. Secret service in odd places. Got the thanks of Congress for things he did in Alaska when the whaling-fleet froze up; made special reports on Sinaloa, and Kiel, and Vladivostock, and was generally useful.

"Never an exotic dance left in him, not a popular air. He had turned into a grind. One of those people that run empires for a hod-carrier's pay. But he was going to be IT in the service. He had rehabilitated the family name all right. And his looks were perfectly satisfactory. You know that.

"Then Admiral Sidney's daughter came to visit me. Last year.

"Banister was detailed here, inspector of ordnance. Really, I believe he's working out some airship notion or other, a helicopter that is sort of promising, and a dead secret of course, with every Japanese servant in the yard fairly goggling his eyes out to get the plans.

"Why, certainly most of them are spies—maybe not all official, but they do at least a little privateering in that line. My cook has a lieutenant's uniform at the back of his closet. . . .

"Where was I? Mabel Sidney? Oh, yes! She was awfully refined and pretty—a cool, sweet, little thing—different as possible from the tinsel New York damsel that had been such a failure at the pinch.

"And Banister hadn't lost any of his air. You remember that straightforward look of his. But he'd begun to show gray where his hair turned back. Trouble, of course.

"I was glad. I always wanted to see Venus married to a nice girl. He was such a dear. He simply dogged Mabel's

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heels. They golfed, and nearly drove the Admiral crazy, always fore, always oblivious. It was Mabel's fault though. She never minded inconveniencing other people—couldn't come to her meals on time. Banister wasn't that kind, but neither was he responsible for his actions just then.

"They'd go down to see salmon speared in the dry-dock. The blue-jackets get many a dinner there, you know. They trolled in the sound for salmon-trout. You must try that. The water is so clear you can see giant star-fish all over the bottom, though naturally you troll in the channel, where it's deeper.

"Mabel caught a trout, with a Tacoma bait. She was almost lachrymose over it. I guess cold-blooded things move sympathy in some people. She wouldn't fish any more.

"Well, they came in one day, engaged. Banister was frightfully shy about it, and Mabel very reticent. But they were engaged.

"I wish you could have seen the presents he sent her. You know Venus never did things like other people. No girl could appreciate them, but men are too stupid to understand that a girl simply wants a Tiffany solitaire and a box of Victoria chocolates, or whatever is the local substitute for Maillard's. Unique things make her nervous. She has no standard of comparison for them, you see . . . doesn't know whether to be delighted and proud, or doubtful and embarrassed. And if she's doubtful of the things a man gives her, she soon gets bored with him.

"I tried to standardize Venus's presents for Mabel, explain them to her, you know, in terms of Tiffany and Lalique, favrile and French enamel. I couldn't suggest anything to him, emphatically not, and in their way they were perfect.

"I remember he sent a wooden chest, carved with bears' eyes, a Thlinget chief's-box about a hundred years old, and inside was a mandarin coat with Imperial-yellow cuffs. Don't ask me where Venus got it. I was in the siege of Peking, and you've seen some of that loot, but you never saw anything like the embroidery on the coat he sent Mabel.

"Of course she liked it. Mandarin coats are fashionable. But the day he brought her her ring she wasn't pleased at all. It was a queer, rudely chased Burmese thing, with a small ruby

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in it. You see Venus didn't appreciate the Tiffany tradition. And the ruby wasn't large. You can't buy large rubies on a lieutenant's pay. No, Mabel never cared for the ring.

"Once she admired some ordinary hair-seal moccasins in the Hudson Bay Company's window. Soon after he brought her a pair he'd had made out of the skin of an otter he had caught himself, in the North. They were lined with ermine instead of squirrel, and sewn with tendons, and he sent them in an Attu basket, soft as silk. There are no such baskets in the shops. Some Aleut chief had given it to Venus at a pot-latch. Certainly it was priceless.

"But fancy any woman walking on otter and ermine. It isn't good for us to go so flauntingly. D'you remember the girl who walked on bread, in Andersen?

"Mabel didn't know how sumptuous the moccasins were, until I told her. Thought the ermine was rabbit, like the lining of her old carriage boots, back East. No, Venus didn't tell her. He wouldn't ever. He'd have used his own skin just as readily and unostentatiously. Yes, and Heaven knows he did, poor fool! I wonder why it is that good-looking men are always fools.

"To be sure, they're not the only ones. Certainly young Renton was fool enough too, and he was anything but handsome. There's hardly a big fir tree left in Oregon that Renton's father hasn't a part interest in, and his son's ambition in life is to smoke up all the cigarettes there are, faster than they can be made.

"His father's all right, the self-made sort. Young Renton knew a lot of ensigns, and was always welcome in the ward-rooms. They say he mixes the best Martinis ever. Makes them out of anything handy. The Admiral says he could produce an excellent cocktail from denatured molasses and wood alcohol. Yes, a crowd of willing young men always lined up around Arthur.

"One day we had a picnic in the Magazine woods, a few miles up the Sound. Arthur Renton had just bought a new motor boat, and came over in it. It was a two-cycle engine. I don't know what that means, except that they never will run. You keep cranking them along, and in time you arrive, if you're patient, and the tide is with you.

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"Some one asked Venus to row down the bay to a farm-house, for milk, and Renton offered his boat. Then Mabel wanted to go along too.

"The engine leaked somewhere, and wouldn't do anything. Renton's father had come over that day with his son. He stood on the beach by the boat, looking very substantial and prosperous, and with fatherly solicitude urged Mabel not to go. Told her his feather-brained son would drown her.

"Arthur Renton struggled with the engine a while, took out the spark plug, and drained the cylinder, and re-connected the batteries, and then gave up and let Venus take hold.

"By that time the bottom of the boat was awash with gasoline and water, slopping over Mabel's pretty white suit.

"Venus got his spark all right. Mabel bent down, putting in a primer charge for him, and he began to crank, when young Renton, who had been looking on, fumbling in his pockets, suddenly struck a match, lighted a cigarette, and dropped the stick in the mixture between the foot-boards. There was a flash. That very moment the machinery engaged, and the boat shot out into the channel.

"Renton dived into the water like a frightened guillemot. Venus threw himself recklessly across the little engine, and flung Mabel out of the boat. The gasoline roared up all around him, though for some mysterious reason the tank didn't explode. Afterward we learned why. In the instant of the flash, Venus had cut off the feed pipe. He knew otherwise the burning stuff would spread everywhere.

"He lay for a minute, flat on his face in the boat. Then he picked himself up heavily, and rolled overboard.

"The men got them all ashore. Renton last. Indeed the Admiral, in his disgust, shouted, 'Let the damned hell-diver drown!' That's what they call guillemot, you know.

"Venus's flannel shirt was charred. His face looked—well, you've seen it. Mabel gave him one glance, and went off into hysterics.

"Venus said, 'Is Miss Sidney all right? Then get her away somewhere, where she can't see me.'

"I had been mixing salad dressing. I ran up and emptied

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the oil bottle over him. The doctor said afterward it did some good. I have always adored Venus. Anybody that walks like that. . . .

"He was in hospital for two months. They thought he'd inhaled flames, but he hadn't. I went to see him every day at first. After a while—I couldn't," the Captain's wife confessed, and went silent.

"Why couldn't you?" I asked. "But I shouldn't think he'd care particularly whether you came or not," I added rudely. "He'd want his girl."

"I suppose he did," agreed the Captain's wife. "Very likely he did. But Mabel wouldn't go near him. Said she couldn't bear physical disfigurement, though she knew the feeling was wrong. I was rather disagreeable about it, I guess, and Mabel left me, and went over to town to visit other friends.

"Venus never asked for her. I was at my wit's end what to say to him. So I didn't say anything. I'd go in and tell him Yard news, and read to him, and he answered in his own calm, level way—never dropped his guard. Oh, she's a little beast, that girl.

"When Venus had been down and out six weeks, I went to the Tennis Ball, in town. All the coast comes to the ball, you know. It's a general rally of slopers. And I met Mabel, looking like a peach, smiling her cool, refined little smile at stout, middle-aged Renton Senior.

"I thought of Venus undergoing that Red Indian torture for her, and I couldn't keep quiet.

"I said, 'Mabel, Banister has gone through horrors for you. If you ever burned your finger on your curling-iron, you've a notion what life has been to him, these weeks that you haven't sent him a word, or given him a sight of you. He has traded his face for yours—and his looks could put it all over yours, my dear; but he flung them away without a thought. He traded his face for yours, and now he has a right to yours.'

"Mabel changed color. Renton Senior took her hand, and said, 'Madam, I don't know what you mean, but it's a very strange way to talk. Miss Sidney is engaged to me.'

"Yes, Renton Senior, if you please.

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"I said, 'Mr. Renton, Mabel is engaged to Lieutenant Banister, who nearly lost his life in saving hers. I don't know how many more men she may be engaged to, but I haven't heard of his releasing her.'

"Mabel always kept her head at the critical moment, always, everywhere. It's easy when you haven't any heart.

"'Mr. Banister agreed long ago that the engagement was a mistake,' she murmured. 'I am entirely free to marry Mr. Renton.' The man believed her. She put her arm through mine, and sent him off for water or something. She never drank punch. 'I really couldn't help it,' she justified herself to me.

"I looked as withering as I could, and answered deliberately, 'I think Venus is getting off cheap, my dear.'

"Do you think that was brutal? Anyway, I'm glad I said it. She dropped my arm.

"Then I added smilingly, 'Did you return Venus's costly presents when you dissolved the engagement?'

"She absolutely flared out at me for once. 'I loathe his horrid Siwash things, that make my room smell like an igloo. He's welcome to them.'

"'Don't keep them,' I advised her.

"Next time I went to see Venus he was sitting up. He was in one of those khaki hospital tents on the parade ground. Beside his chair was a big box, and I knew from his whole attitude what had happened. I supposed when he opened that box he hoped against hope that it was some belated trace of interest on her part. I was sorry then I'd told her to return his things.

"I went to see him that day, because everybody on the station was bursting with the Renton news. I knew he'd be told, and I wanted to spare his pride a little. I stumbled over commonplaces a while. Then I gave it up.

"'Have you heard about Mabel?' I asked point-blank.

"He hardened that shocking face of his to meet bad news. I crossed over and began examining a stain on the canvas opposite.

"'She's going to marry Renton Senior,' I blurted it out.

"I stood there for a week or more studying the stain. It was about three inches by two with a long tail at the lower left-

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hand corner, dark brown and greasy, a very repellent stain. I hated it.

"At last Venus said evenly, 'Thank you,' and after a minute, 'You're a good sport.'

"Then I dared to face him. Behind the honest, boyish eyes he turned on me, there flashed a man's look, inscrutable and strong.

"'Dear boy,' I said, 'she wasn't in your class.'

"He looked annoyed.

"'Don't,' he remarked.

"Something was choking me uncomfortably anyway, so I didn't. And left him, discarded, with his discarded 'Siwash things,' in his cheerless hospital tent."

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MADDALENA SPEAKS

NEITH BOYCE

NO, Signor Doctor, I do not know why the baby is ill. . . . He is always ill. All the English babies are ill. Why do they live in this country? Why don't the English live at home? It is not good for them here in Italy. . . .

The baby is very delicate. The Signora is very delicate and the baby is just like her. So white, not a drop of blood. So thin. No wonder she could not nurse her own baby. What ails the Englishwomen that they cannot nurse their own children? . . .

No, Signor Doctor, of course I have not fed the baby anything. Did you not command me never to give him anything? But he will not take the breast. . . . He cries, cries. . . . Yes, he has always cried. For five months now I have nursed him, and he is never well. Perhaps you will send me home now, and get another nurse? . . .

The glass? No, Signor Doctor, I do not know what is in the glass. How should I know? . . . If the Signora thinks she saw me giving anything out of the glass to the baby she is mistaken. The Signora is very nervous. She is always spying upon me. No, I never give the baby anything except pure water, as you commanded me, Signor Doctor. . . . And I never eat anything but what you command, Signor Doctor, and I do all you command, I go to bed and get up as I am ordered, I live like an animal. If the milk does not agree with the baby . . .

What do you say? You accuse me? . . . But I am telling you the truth, may the Madonna witness, may all the angels. . . . I do not know what is in that glass. . . . I did not. . . . You are mistaken, you do not know what you are saying. . . . How do you dare accuse me? If some one has done what is wrong, why should it be I, I, I, Maddalena? I have enemies in this house, the servants hate

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me, especially that pig of a cook. . . . If there is anything wrong, they have done it, to put shame upon me. . . .

You say there is poison in that glass. . . . What is it, then? You are so wise, you must know, Signor Doctor, you know everything. . . .

Oh, you know? . . . Some one has melted match-heads in the water, and some one has given the baby . . . Oh, you know all that . . . but how do you know? . . . Why do you accuse me, *me?* Why should I poison the baby, why, *why?* . . .

The Signora says . . . ? But if the Signora says she saw me, she lies, do you hear? . . . Let me go. . . . Open that door . . . I am going away. . . . You are all crazy here, yes, crazy. . . . You think, because I am a poor woman and you are rich English, that you can put this upon me. . . . Let me go!

The police? . . . You will send for . . . you will accuse me. . . . *Prison?* . . . You will put me . . . Maddalena . . . in prison! . . .

Oh, God, what have I done? . . . Oh, Carmé, come and help me! . . . Oh, if you were here, Carmé, they would not treat me so. . . . Beasts that they are, I hate them—yes, I hate you all, all, do you hear, and the baby, too. . . . Oh, God, how I hate you! . . .

Do you know what you have done to me? Do you know how you have tortured me? Do you know that I have lived in hell here for five months? . . .

And all because of the money . . . because we are poor and you are rich. . . . So you took me away from my husband, from my baby. . . .

The Signora? . . . Let her come in! Let me talk to her! Let me tell her how she has crushed out my heart's blood and taken my very life to feed her child! . . .

Listen, Signora! . . . I am speaking, I, Maddalena, the poor slave, the dirt beneath your feet. . . . You bought me. . . . A hundred lire a month, and Carmé, my husband, working hard every day, cannot earn half as much! A hundred

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lire a month, for my milk to feed your child! Bought like a brute beast! . . . A hundred lire a month, a fortune for poor people like us . . . how thankful we should be! . . . Yes, and presents . . . and fine clothes. . . . Look at the linen I am wearing, look at my dress, look at my lace and my long ribbons that touch the ground! . . . Could I ever have worn such things if I had not been bought? Could I have a soft bed to sleep in, could I have good food to eat, could I walk in a garden like yours, could I live in a palace like yours? . . . Never! I am so fortunate! . . . And I gain a hundred lire a month for my husband . . . and he made me come. He sold me. . . . Do you think I would not have run away long ago, if I had dared? Do you think I would not have begged my way, walked on my two feet, all the way back to Naples? . . . But I dared not. . . . Carmé would be angry. . . . He had sold me. . . .

My baby! . . . Yes, I am a mother, too, like you, Signora! But not like you, for I would never have given my baby to be nursed by a stranger woman, I would have kept him close, close and safe, on my own breast. . . . But I was forced. . . . I had to give him up, my little baby, my little Beppino, I had to give him to a neighbor to care for, and who knows how she cares for him? For we are poor people, Signora, we cannot buy flesh and blood for our children, like you. . . . My baby, my first, my only one! So beautiful and strong he was, his little head with thick black hair, his little body, so brown and so strong! . . . How he pulled at the breast! . . . Not like your puny baby, Signora, that could not take half my milk and left me aching! . . . Oh, and my heart, my heart ached, day and night, for my baby and Carmé. . . .

And Carmé . . . my husband . . . who knows? He is handsome and he is young, and the women, the other women. . . . There is a girl there who would have taken him from me if she could . . . but he loved me . . . but who knows if he loves me yet? . . . We were married only a year. . . . Who knows if he is faithful? . . . And I am here, far away, far away, and I cannot know. . . .

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He writes to me, and you read me his letters, Signora, for I cannot read . . . and who knows what he writes that you do not read? Perhaps he writes to me to come home, that he is longing for me, perhaps he says the baby is not well. . . . How do I know, how do I know? . . . Carmé, Carmé! Oh, God, how I have suffered!

We were poor, but I was happy. . . . I worked in the fields, we had poor food, but I was happy. . . . How I loved him! Oh, Carmé, and you sent me from you! Perhaps you did not love me any more . . . But no, it is not true! I love you so much, so much! . . .

I could not bear it. . . . And you, Signora, and you, Signor Doctor, you could not see that I was dying, that my heart was breaking. . . . You said I had a bad temper because I quarrelled with the gardener and the *cameriere.* You sent them away, because I must not be upset . . . on account of the baby. . . . You thought the wine did not agree with me, or the food. . . . You were so careful! And all the time it was my heart that was breaking within me, my heart that cried out for my child and for Carmé. . . . But you never thought I had a heart! . . . I was only a poor animal, and you had bought me. . . .

And now you will put me in prison . . . and I shall never see them any more. . . . For I shall die, and they will forget me. . . .

Yes, I did it. . . .

I dared not go home . . . and I thought, if the baby was ill, perhaps you would send me away. . . .

I did it . . . I melted the match-heads in water, and I gave it to the baby . . . not much, a little at a time. . . . I did not want to kill the baby, only to make it ill, so that you might think my milk did not suit it, and send me home. . . .

Yes, I did it. . . . Now you can send for the police and put me in prison. . . . I am helpless and you are strong. I know I cannot help myself, and there is no one to help me. . . . If you write to Carmé, tell him why I did

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it . . . tell him I was dying . . . tell him I loved him . . . tell him to kiss . . . Beppino . . . for me. . . .

Oh, God, I am faint. . . . No, do not touch me. . . . I do not ask you to forgive me. . . . I ask nothing. . . . Only do it quickly, let me leave this house. . . . This is a prison, too. . . .

You look at me, Signora . . . so pale, like a ghost . . . so wild. . . . Why don't you curse me? You have no blood in you. . . . If a woman had touched *my* baby to harm it, I would kill her, I would choke her life out with these hands. . . .

Oh, Carmé, farewell! . . . You will love another woman, and my baby will never know he had a mother. . . . He was too little to know me when I left him, and now I shall never see him more . . . farewell. . . .

What? You say . . . ?

No, I do not believe it. I do not believe you. You will never let me go. . . . Never. . . . You are not like that, you have no hearts. . . . No, no, . . . and besides, I have done a wicked thing. . . . Oh, I know it. If your baby dies, I shall burn in hell. . . .

You say you will let me go? . . . You, Signora, say I can go . . . home? . . . The police . . . you will not . . . ? I do not believe you. . . . Why should you let me go . . . you, that were killing me by inches, for the sake of your baby. . . . And now, when I have done *this,* you let me go . . . free? . . . I cannot understand. . . . God himself could not understand the English . . . I cannot believe. . . .

I . . . it is all dark . . . help me, I am fainting. . . . Madonna, Holy Mother, have pity on me . . . poor, wicked Maddalena . . . have . . . pity! . . .

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ART AND AFFECTATION

B. Russell Herts

ALL people are endowed by nature with certain methods and mannerisms of speech and movement. The conscious alteration of these attributes is called affectation. The term is used, however, in general as one of reproach and so when the onlooker approves of the particular method of distorting "natural" characteristics, he does not associate the change with affectation. Thus, for example, if a man "naturally" had a tendency to suck his thumb continually in public or to scratch the sole of his left foot, or to kick one of his heels high in the air whenever he was pleased, and if this picturesque individual managed to rid himself of the peculiar habits, the average observer would not call such a good riddance an affectation. If, however, a man has a harsh, unpleasant voice and he manages to turn it into a modulated tuneful one, or if he finds the movements of the average male ungraceful and he manages to make his own more effective, he is immediately liable to be termed an affected person. This generally happens because the other folk in his particular community are unused to the kind of voice in which he speaks or to the type of movements which he has trained his body to perform.

It is perfectly obvious that all forms of affectation are the product of an exercise of will power and their growth must therefore be coördinate with the growth of self-control. An uncontrolled person cannot be an affected one. Moreover, affectation requires the observation of one's own mannerisms and the comparison of one's own with other people's, together with a wholesome self-disparagement coming as one of the results of the comparison. If this were not so the person would never be affected, for, failing to observe the superiority of any other form of discourse or motion, it would never occur to him to approximate his own to the observed form. We have then in affectation also an exhibition of keen desire for self-improvement.

With the practice of affectation bolstered by this tremendous galaxy of excellent qualities essentially connected with it, it seems

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scarcely necessary to utter any further defence, but when we examine the process a little more fundamentally, we find that it is very closely bound up with that most valuable asset of human existence, the genuine expression of personality.

Examine the authors who are supposed to be affected: men like Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Gilbert K. Chesterton and George Meredith. They are invariably the writers with a distinctly personal style. They are in each case the men whose work accurately and profoundly reflects their own individuality and whose expressions and ideas are in complete accord. The "natural" writers are practically without style and nothing but their supreme genius has enabled them to succeed in spite of this very serious defect—in fact we never hear of a natural writer unless he happens to be a great genius such as Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Goethe and Homer. The smaller men fall by the wayside unless they turn the expression of their thoughts into an individual form, and to the extent that they do this they are supposed to be affected. The same thing is true in graphic art: Turner, Whistler and Beardsley being affected, and Rembrandt, Hals, and Michael Angelo being supreme enough to have succeeded without a deeply self-expressive style.

Your typical fat-head is no contemned creature of affectation. He is far too lazily self-satisfied to tax himself with any alteration in his natural qualities. Likewise your gratified matron, who, having captured her legitimate prey, settles down to a living of scandal-mongering, rich food and bridge whist—she is not concerned with the addition to her personality of the graces and kindlinesses of life. Who, indeed, are your affected poseurs, but the most talented, the most cultured, sophisticated, thoughtful, brilliant and suggestive members of your acquaintance?

It requires considerable will power to act out an affectation to its inevitable conclusion of becoming an authentic piece of self-expression. Persuade a weakling to attempt this and he will generally fail, but his will power will improve under the effort. Induce a thief to affect honesty and he will end up as virtuous as you please. "Become what thou art" is an ideal; "become what you affect," a reality.

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One of the iconoclastic onslaughts of this generation must be directed against the prejudice of the unthinking regarding the social and very valuable art of affectation. Without this we should have no conscious advances in personality, no growth of self-control. We must not condemn even a poor exhibition, or not any more strongly than we do an inferior work in painting or literature. In such cases our function as appreciative critics is to demand improvement. We are all in a state of "becoming" and only he who stagnates can be completely consistent or supremely sincere.

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THE COST OF A DECENT HOME

CAROL ARONOVICI

"The home is the school of all individual, national and human virtues."—DISRAELI.

THE last quarter century has been pregnant with generous efforts to improve housing conditions in the cities and towns of the United States. From the little mountain village where the missionary and settlement workers are endeavoring to raise housing standards, to the slums of the large and congested centres of population where housing reform has been organized, legislated for and made part of the necessary expenditure of the tax-paying public, the feeling exists that the effort has failed to produce the desired results. After years of legislative and administrative activity in New York, there still exists a problem of congestion which, although different in character from the earlier conditions, claims its quota of lives yearly and remains the subject of discussion of the philanthropic groups whose clientèle is the product of these conditions. Philadelphia, the city of homes, has in some cases produced dwellings which, in design, appearance, lighting and sanitation, do not compare favorably even with the more appalling barracks of New York represented by the new-law tenements. In all this effort it is evident that we have failed to bring about a general and permanent improvement. What we have succeeded in doing is to establish a minimum standard for protection to health and decency of the lowest economic and social strata of our population. If it was expected that the housing movement would produce an increased proportion of home ownership and promote a type of structure which is characteristic of the owner and represents his individuality, needs and sense of pride, we must recognize that hopeless failure has been our reward.

Cities throughout the country have faced their local problems single-handed and bravely, fighting against ignorance and greed, humbly beseeching law-making politicians to grant powers for control and improvement and lending themselves to the most

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humiliating processes of muckracking in the hope of arousing sufficient public sentiment for more legislation, more appropriations, more inspection, more education.

All these have been obtained in a larger or lesser degree and the victories of the housing reformers have been heralded as far-reaching steps in the direction of securing better homes for our working people.

Throughout this honest, devoted and persistent struggle for better homes, a fundamental mistake has prevailed. We have confused the point of view of the philanthropist, who deals with the socially subnormal, with the national problem of housing the working people. This has led to the acceptance of a minimum standard and a complete neglect of a necessary national ideal. We have been forced to accept housing reform as a philanthropic gift and have ignored the element of cost while we recognized the needs but not the means of the socially subnormal.

Our restrictive legislation has forced the character of the multiple dwellings up to a standard that makes it necessary to increase rents and intensify their use to the extent of creating congestion. The old types of one- and two-family houses are being converted into tenements wholly inadequate for their new use, but which, on account of their cheapness, have become increasingly popular with the lower strata who cannot meet the rents of the legally regulated and controlled buildings. This modern intensified use of the old houses due to restrictions placed upon the new buildings has resulted in a sanitary problem that has increased beyond the expectations of the most sceptical of reformers. With the increase in legislative control, the expenditures entailed in meeting the prescribed restrictions and the failure of national, state or municipal governments to assist in the construction of decent houses, a decrease in the proportion of ownership has also taken place.

Public officials, social workers and the rising generation of socially minded statesmen are beginning to realize that we have failed to apply to the housing problem what is essential in the permanent solution of all national social problems, namely, its recognition as a national issue which must be solved in a national

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way on the basis of a sane, scientific and statesmanlike policy and with a view to stimulating a national living ideal.

While we have admitted, in a half-hearted way, that the individual home and individual ownerships are desirable, we have permitted the land speculator to conspire with the lumber trust, the unintelligent taxation system, the high cost of capital and the local building regulations to increase the cost of a decent home. Land, lumber and other building materials, labor, taxes and the cost of capital are the factors that determine the standards of workingmen's homes and the frequency of their ownership. They stand in direct relation to the rental and purchase price and are constantly affected by the family income, beyond a fixed proportion of which it is not advisable to go, and wage earners seldom venture to transgress beyond this proportion without depriving the family of other essentials of life.

The disorganized state of our varying tax systems, the entire absence of any municipal or national land policies affecting housing, the tariff upon building material and especially lumber, the absence of national legislation affecting the capital available for loans on workingmen's homes, and the high cost of labor, are purely economic problems. They must be solved in an economic way if the housing problem is ever to be solved. These economic problems are national rather than local and they must be solved by a policy that is national in scope. In France, Germany, England, Belgium, Sweden and even in Russia housing has been recognized as a national issue and the problems are being solved by the national Governments in co-operation with the municipalities. Statesmen are recognizing the importance of the home as a national asset and are using every effort in the direction of establishing a national housing policy that is based upon the most recent and most acceptable principles of state economics and human conservation.

In this country, with characteristic individualistic methods, we are endeavoring to solve a national problem by local legislation. Leaders in the field of housing reform, while recognizing the importance of a broader economic and social policy, must limit themselves to the legislative machinery which is by prece-

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dent, custom or the limitations of constitutional rights available for this purpose.

In the pursuit of this method we have failed to formulate and promote a constructive housing policy of far-reaching scope. The tariff, which purports to protect the farmer, has made possible the lumber trust which has affected the cost of building material. Our banking laws have not a single suggestion which would tend to assist the workers in acquiring a home, tax rates are based upon antiquated and inequitable systems that hinder rather than promote ownership, and our housing laws place upon the builders and owners restrictions which are frequently out of harmony with the economic and social requirements of the wage-earning classes.

These are facts that are becoming increasingly familiar to workers in the field of reform, but they need the backing of a federal investigation which would collect, organize, classify and examine the evidence relating to the housing problem in the light of modern science and modern social needs.

The federal Government has made extensive and expensive inquiries into the cost and methods of production of many essentials of food, it has taken drastic action in dealing with various trusts, it has studied the conditions under which women and children toil and the cost of their product, but never has it concerned itself with the conditions under which its millions of men, women and children are forced to make their homes. Such an inquiry is now imperative and the federal Government has the facilities, the power and the means to carry it out, in the broad way that the importance of the problem requires. Hundreds of leaders are eager for the knowledge that such an inquiry would afford and a country-wide public opinion regarding this problem is imperative for the framing and effective carrying out of a national housing policy that will crystallize the most advanced knowledge on the subject and make possible a constructive, far-reaching and permanent solution of the problem in accord with the accepted economic principles and in harmony with a national ideal. Let the federal Government furnish the facts and action will follow with the promptness that the problem demands.

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THE LURE

FRANK CRANE

"VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen,"

go the familiar lines of Pope.

That which constitutes the lure of vice is the veil, the tint, the romance thrown over it. Nobody is drawn to bare vice.

It would seem that everyone ought to know this simple truth. Yet so sodden is average opinion in age-old Pharisaism, that we hold up horrified hands and cry out lustily at plain, open vice, while we tolerate the bedizened, oversmeared and gaudily clothed variety right along.

When *The Lure* and *The Fight,* two plays which exposed the fearful truth about the existing institutions for the commercializing of the social evil and their nefarious connection with municipal politics, appeared on the New York stage, the newspapers of that city promptly threw a fit.

They made great talk of the moral sense of the community which would not tolerate any such shocks to the sense of decency.

These same papers had exploited the Thaw case in all its loathsome details over their front pages; they had published the most minute indecencies of the crime committed by Priest Schmidt; and not a day passes that they do not print divorce news in which salacious bits of revelation are wormed out of the principals and published, adorned with reportorial fringe.

Then along comes the Reverend Mr. Chapman, a prosperous evangelist, and in an interview says that he would not attend a theatre for the world, but that the plays in question, of which he knows not the slightest thing, are indubitably corruptive of youth.

What were these plays? They were powerful, well composed, clean representations of the most appalling business extant in civilization, the capture of young girls in our city streets, as wild beasts are captured in the jungle, and the imprisonment of them for the basest of purposes.

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There is no doubt that powerful business organizations in the so-called White Slave Traffic exist. But it is not this that gives the public its conception of virtue outraged; it is the fact that somebody *tells* about it! It is the fact that the theatre, instead of being a sugared lure to vice, a thing of half-hidden sex-suggestion, rises to its true artistic nobility, holds the mirror up to life and shows the hellish truth as it is. Such action always pains the Pecksniffs and Chadbands whose rôle is that of moral censorship.

I saw both the plays in their pristine "impurity." There was not an indecently suggestive word or situation in them; not a thing that would provoke a lascivious snicker; not an atom that would arouse coarse and low emotions. They were almost religious in their vivid earnestness. They showed evil as the hideous, poisonous thing it is.

Meanwhile there were a dozen playhouses in New York where nightly and sometimes daily there were paraded groups of half-naked women directly appealing to nothing but sensuality, and where there were jokes of thinly clad vile meanings. These were tolerated because they were customary, they were conventional, and to the Pharisee convention is morality.

The two plays mentioned struck a note that it is all too much needed that we hear, to wit: the commercializing of vice and its intimate connection with partisan politics in cities.

In the Report of the Vice Commission of Chicago of 1911 appears this paragraph:

"Prostitution is a Commercialized Business. The first truth that the Commission desires to impress upon the citizens of Chicago is the fact that prostitution in this city is a Commercialized Business of large proportions, with tremendous profits of more than Fifteen Million Dollars per year, controlled largely by men, not women. It is abhorrent to the moral sense of a community like Chicago, the second largest city in the country, that there should be within its borders a group or groups of men, vicious and ignorant to a degree, who are openly and defiantly breaking the laws of the State, and bringing into ill repute the honor of the city. Think of a business which demands a supply of five thousand souls from year to year to satisfy the lust and

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greed of men! These statements may seem exaggerated and highly colored, but a careful, ultra-conservative study of conditions has put the Commission in possession of absolute facts upon which to base these conclusions."

There is another aspect of the conditions to which, for reasons that perhaps are obvious, the Commission did not allude; and that is that this whole unspeakable business could not exist without the connivance and participation of the men in control of the party political organizations in the city. In our partisan-politics-governed city commercialized prostitution is a part of the government. Through the lace curtains of the brothel are reached out the hands that corrupt the police, and that help pull the strings that regulate our law-enforcement. When Bayard Veiller shows that this influence reaches through the ward boss on up to the United States Senate he exhibits a shattering truth, for the Senator of his party stands upon the apex of the pile whose base is in the city slum.

It is no wonder that the artist finds in these facts a mine of tragedy and of heart-break that appeals to his creative genius. For here is the most tragic, the most dramatic situation of our times.

It is no wonder either that those moralists, whose morality consists in crying "Naughty! Naughty!" when some one uncovers the septic germs of a national sewer, should clamor that the lid should be clapped on again; to them typhus is preferable to a bad smell.

The greatest enemies of the drama are those that force playwrights ever down to the level of convention, insist on sweet prettinesses or only traditional tragedies, and prevent authors of genius from setting forth for us the terrible dynamic sins of our day.

Let me say again: vice in its bare revelation harms no one; it is the glamour of vice, the covering up of vice that lures.

"Vice," says Winifred Black, "is the stupidest thing in the world. Why do you think it is so alluring? You must think so, for you protest against having anyone know anything about it. The one way to keep away from it is to know all about it, to realize just what it is and what it is not and never can be.

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"Pull down the dirty curtains there in front of the opium den. Tear down the heavy door that shuts out the daylight, throw open the dark blinds—and what is there to see? Dirt, disorder, dismal loneliness trying to pretend to be gay. Elderly women trying to look young, miserable young women trying to look happy, sodden men trying to look sober.

"The lure of vice? Why, it isn't vice that allures, it is the mystery we make of it that does the mischief!"

Comes also the irrepressible Anthony Comstock, and attacks the book *Hagar Revelly,* threatening its publisher with the terrors of the law, for the indecency of his printed page. Mr. Comstock falls into the same old error, mistaking non-conformity for immorality.

The immoral is that which incites to lewdness or other forms of evil. A lot of the stories running in magazines are clearly immoral, for they throw the lure of half-concealment, of tinsel and upper-tendom over vice. But *Hagar Revelly* is not immoral.

It is unpleasant, for it is the minute analysis of an anæmic soul assailed by the usual morbidities of the sex-feeling. But it is inconceivable that anyone by such a story should be drawn to vice, as an unsophisticated soul might be drawn by the stories of any one of half a dozen popular magazine writers.

After all, it is the world-old conflict between the two conceptions of morality:

One; that morality means conformity to established custom, and

Two; that morality is the cultivation and expression of the highest kind of one's personal force.

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THE CORDILLERA OF PERU

MILLICENT TODD

NO Peruvian thinks of zones differing from his own as being remote geographical localities. Peru contains them all. He does not have to travel over the face of the earth for a change of climate, but makes short domestic vertical journeys instead.

Living under his banana groves among his sugar fields in the lush coast-valley, if he feels need of fresher air he takes a short trip up to the temperate zone where apple orchards and wheat fields lie spread out in a recess of the mountains and strawberries redden to perfection. Has he curiosity to see an arctic storm, he goes a little higher, and comes out upon the bitter tableland where razor crests of glaciers cut the sky.

The Andes, youngest of mountains—what a weirdly tossed world! All the most obscure and harsh substances of the planet have been heaped up here. The rough places of earth have turned over and reached up where they brush against the firmament.

Volcanic power has its domain in these high regions of earth, nature in anarchy possessed of unnatural powers. It is a great uneasy wilderness, where ridges suddenly rise across canyons, the mighty *quebradas,* and torrents rattle through daring gorges, only to fall a thousand feet, scattering into a dust of foam. Icicles hang from every joint between the stones.

It is a colossal, brutal land fresh from the cataclysm, whose ponderous masses of rock are all sterile from cold, all silent under perpetual snow. In its clearness of atmosphere sparkles a new conception of the night-time sky. Constellations appear as if seen with exaggerating mirrors.

It is a land where thin layers of lichens are the only trace of plant life, where condors wheel about the highest pinnacles, and silver lies buried deep in the ground. It is the lair of mercury-mines which paralyze those who work in them, where hot and cold fountains mingle to make one river, where springs of tar and rivers of peat ooze from suffocation within.

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Hot from their passage through the glowing veins of the mountains, springs bubble into life, sour, turbid, saturated with gases, possessed of weird powers, capable of giving life as well as of taking it away. Their waters turn to stone as they spread over the plain. In this frozen waste of glaciers sheltering fire and magnetic iron within, all forces and elements are seething, though shrouded with snow. As the noise of water fills the desert, so the roar of fire can be heard among the frozen mountain-tops.

Long, long ago, a volcano was puffing out asphyxiating fumes. It melted the metal on the edge of its crater, and turned rocks burst from its own black mouth-pit to red and yellow and green. Fire boiled over the edge and advanced in a tide of flame down the mountainside and into the valleys. The favorites of the Sun who lived beside it complained to him of the ruin caused by the volcano. Somewhat irritated himself, he "smothered the genius of devastation in his lair," covering the top of the mountain with a silent impenetrable cap of snow, leaving little seraphic blue lakes here and there upon it as a hostage. This frozen giant whose entrails the fire is devouring still lies sleeping with his granite dreams.

When all the beneficent qualities inherent in a world have been wrested from it and life has disappeared toward experiences elsewhere, or when a comet's tail has swished life away, a wilderness like that of the high Andes would result. A place where chaos and disorder is the only rule. Yet the law of chaos, we must believe, is no law at all.

Stretched among these mountains is the vast tableland called *puna,* on which flourished the Indian civilizations so famous in history. Abundant rain falls, but cold prevents it from covering the ground with flowers. Revelling in the high pressure of the mountain tops, humming-birds flit about in the snow. The finest morning begets the heaviest afternoon clouds, and warm atmospheric currents quite definitely confined in cold air travel through the desolation.

The wind seeming to tear up the ground and pulverize the summits is unable to dissipate a mist which magnifies the rocks and presents the traveller's giant shadow with a whole system

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of concentric rainbow halos—his apotheosis in the clouds. The wind brings with it cold clouds of dust laid only by a fresh fall of snow. It mummifies the beasts of burden which fall by the way. Mirages, too, the escort of tropical heat, shimmer upon these Arctic plains.

With all the paraphernalia of the torrid zone, limitless vagaries of torrid force which knows no law of custom, the *puna* has no enjoyment of it. For the cold seems also to have taken on the exuberance of tropical nature.

You may lose your way in a snowstorm; or in the hot and stifling valleys where the tropical sun can concentrate you may die of the bite of a venomous serpent. Parched by fever-thirst, you may not drink the water, for it brings varieties of diseases bounded by their valleys' walls.

Your mule may sink into a *puna* morass or break his leg in a *viscacha* burrow. He may eat a poisonous *mala yerba* or *garbanzillos*. Broadly laden, he may be scraped off a bridle-path clinging to the sheer precipice. He may be carried off by the swift current of a glacier stream in attempting to ford it. He may collapse from lack of air and leave you stranded in a lifeless desert. *Sorochi*-sick and burned to a crisp by the relentless cold, you urge on the staggering mule as he stops constantly to gulp the thin air. He cannot be satisfied, although he has a second set of nostrils cut through to ease his breathing and avert *sorochi*.

Still the glaciers crawl down from brooding peaks above. The sun, magician of the bleak mountain regions, comes out and glints green on broken strata of the bare red mountains. It discovers all the bright colors in the hills of porphyry and clothes them with fresh shadows. It runs along a vein of shining mica to accuse it. It plunges into the middle of a lake of polished jet settled in the snow, "making a great, golden hole."

A single hill in sunlight glows with streaks of iris-color, matching the rainbow forms as they appear and fade again above. Little cloud islets surround far-off peaks, sunk beneath the horizon. Pyramids of ice twinkle and fantastic stone needles stand in rows too precipitous for snow to cling to their bare

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sides. They are called early inhabitants which Pachacamac in his anger turned to stone. The air, though thin almost to disappearance, cuts like a razor-edge.

With eyelashes frozen together you can yet be sun-struck. Teeth to teeth, cold and heat meet upon "the waste, chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire." Cold is besieged in vain by the sun at its hottest. This land of silent chaos takes on the cold of outer space so near by, which, shot through by the fierce heat of the sun, is incapable of absorbing any warmth. The immense heat passes through it to foster life beyond.

That magical sun, dispelling somewhat the mountain-sickness, only brings with it another even worse. For blazing across the snowfields in its tropical fury, *surumpe* follows, snow-blindness, cured only by fresh vicuña flesh laid upon the eyes, so the Indians say.

The over-arching vault is indigo. Desolation is brightened by a radiant light, infinitely attenuated, diaphanous as the starry void. It caresses the bristling scenery. It penetrates caverns and fills them with a gold and purple mist. In the world of light and shade which it creates, even the shade gives light. Upon water, the light startled by its own reflection sparkles and dances and leaps. To speak of such light as this does away with the necessity of other description.

Words give no idea of the brilliancy of the snow on the crests of the Andes, because there are no words made of sunlight and crystals: luminous, empyreal snowshine, shattered by the sun now and then into rainbow colors. As silence is perfect only because it has the possibility of being broken at any instant by a gigantic crash, so whiteness is the emblem of perfect purity only because the possibility of all color lies within.

He has not known the full wild force of the elements who has not galloped across an Andean *puna* chased by a tempest. Lost in a whirl of lightning, wind and snow, his mule, maddened by electricity snapping off the ends of his ears, dashes from the thunder chasing at arms' length. Red lightning zig-zags between the summits. Blood-red cataracts tumble over the volcanic crags. Huge pieces of rock break loose and crash from the cliffs.

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Deep furrows are ripped up, following the lightning as it runs along close to the ground.

Lack of air and bitter cold are forgotten. Each flash acts like a fresh whip-sting to the mule. The compass snaps against its box. Magnetic sand leaps into the air and flies about in sheets, crazed by the lightning. The rocks seem ablaze, the whole sky is on fire. The atmosphere quivers with uninterrupted peals, smothered in the gorges of granite, buffeted by the mountain sides, torn apart by the high peaks, till, finally overtaking each other and confounded in a mighty burst of thunder, it breaks loose up into the sky, and in a cosmic roar reverberates against the nothingness of outer space.

Then the sun slowly settles in calm. The striped walls flare in the sunset light, flamboyant as the bang of brass mortars in pagan idolatry. The mountains shine from base to summit, until "the night, grazing the soil and step by step raising its wide flight,—the dying light, fleeing from crest to crest, makes the most sublime summit resplendent, until the shadow covers all with its wing."

All vague sounds subside into an excess of silence.

The last incandescent peak shines, and goes out.

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THOMAS BIRD MOSHER

An Appreciation

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

CRITICISM has latterly been promoted to a place among the creative arts. Somewhat tardily, it has become recognized that the contemplation of one work of art by what may be called skilled enthusiasm results not infrequently in another. There is necessarily an artistic principle at work in all appreciation, for appreciation implies selection, and may be defined as selection creatively vitalized by praise. Then taste actively employed must result in some form of personal rearrangement of its objects which gives one the sense of a new harmony. Thus an individually selected library often becomes the artistic embodiment of its owner's personality. A real book-lover, that is one whose books are each and all sensitively related to himself, is known by the books that he buys. His library is a microcosm of his individual cosmos. The catalogue of a man's library is a form of autobiography. Now, this principle has been carried one step further in our time by one who has shown us that not only the criticism and collection of books may belong to the creative arts, but the publication of them also. The history of printing and book-selling records other instances of a like nature. Pickering and Moxon and Russell Smith, to mention only two or three recent names, are examples of publishers who impressed their businesses with a personal artistic character. But none of these better deserves the description of creative publisher than Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. Many publishers we have who know and love and publish good literature, and take pride, too, in the building of beautiful books. But such books are only a small part of their general output. Their catalogues are impersonal, *omnium-gatherum,* lists of unrelated volumes. There is evident in them no selective principle, save that of a general merchant to purvey such creditable wares as the reading public is likely to purchase. You do not say immediately as you take up one of their books:

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"This is a Pickering book!" or some one else's as the case may be. Their name on a title-page stands for nothing distinctive, nothing beyond general respectability, or the reverse. With Mr. Mosher it is delightfully different; and, as a result of twenty years' devotion to a certain personal ideal of literary appeal and perfection, he is able, with perfect propriety, and without need of explanation, to entitle his catalogue—"The Mosher Books."

As one looks back over Mr. Mosher's publishing career, one is struck by the fact that he began right away as he meant to go on. Already the line he meant to mark out for himself was clear in his mind, the result of a well-defined maturity of taste and judgment. For I believe I am right in thinking that the first issue from his press was an edition of George Meredith's *Modern Love*—at that time of day all but unknown outside the secret society of fanatic Meredithians. I remember well the grateful surprise and curiosity with which in London I received Mr. Mosher's present of that now rare reprint. It is always delightful to catch the windfall of a beautiful book, as it were, out of the air; and then one was thankful to this unknown enthusiast oversea, first, for having discovered for himself that great unappreciated poem, and then for his courage in reprinting it. "Portland, Maine," meant nothing to me in those days, or I should have been still more surprised at this good thing coming out of that particular Nazareth. Even more exotic to me would have seemed another publication that soon followed—Andrew Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolete*.

Andrew Lang was very angry over that act of charming "piracy"; never, in fact, got over it. Possibly, I take an immoral view of such so-called literary piracy; yet it seems to me mere childishness, when one has neglected properly to protect one's literary property, to complain if some one exercises his undoubted legal right of taking a fancy to it. Actually, I rejoice no little that so much exquisite literature would seem to have been thus left unprotected; for in that neglect has been the opportunity of Mr. Mosher's enthusiasm, and by reason of it many lovely things that, in the indifferent hands of their "legitimate" sponsors, stood a fair chance of oblivion, have been rescued and

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displayed for our "delight in widest commonalty spread." One English writer, at all events, who had the common sense to take this view of Mr. Mosher's "piracy," William Sharp, has had good reason to congratulate himself on his association with "The Mosher Books"; for it is hardly too much to say that the fame of *Fiona Macleod,* in its inception, at all events, was largely due to that devoted appreciation in far-away Portland, Maine. So William Sharp would have been the first to admit.

But Mr. Mosher as an exquisite Claude Duval of publishing is but an almost forgotten parenthesis in his career. If, as Kipling says, he has taken his good where he found it, 'tis all to the gaiety of bookmen, and here I am not so much concerned with the so-called piracy as with the creative taste which inspired it. Of this creative taste Mr. Mosher's catalogue is one really exquisite expression. *The Bibelot* is the other. The catalogue has the charm of a delicately made anthology. It is indeed a garland of fragrant names, names that "bring a perfume in the mention." It is a veritable "vase where sweets compacted lie."

Every book-lover knows the evocative power that lies in the mere names of his favorite authors, and the titles of his favorite books. As he looks around his shelves, and his eyes fall upon them, gleaming in morning sun, or evening lamplight, what a music of association streams out to him from the well-loved books. There is no need to take them down. Those names and titles are eloquent to him as the faces of familiar friends—aye, no few of them are as the faces of passionately loved women. They thrill him through with an indescribable imaginative ecstasy. Often, as Justin Huntly McCarthy sang of Omar Kháyyám, one can say "my youth lies buried in thy verses." They hold so much of our lives, as a poignant gloss, between their leaves. Some of them have been pressed close to dead bosoms, and still keep their perfume. That *Theocritus,* that *Villon,* that *Keats,* that *Well at the World's End!*

Now, in his catalogue, Mr. Mosher has collected more such names than I know where else to find together. Often I take it down and turn over its leaves, as I would walk in a garden of old-world flowers; or press to my nostrils some pomander of

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precious evocative spices. It is at once a lachrymatory, a honey-pot or a pot-pourri jar, for in it are collected together, as in precious vials, all the tears, all the honey, all the blossom of literature. Or, to compare it again to a garden, how one admires the charming conceited arrangement of the garden, its quaint walls, and the inscriptions scattered here and there on dial and bower. It is the *catalogue raisonné* lifted into the region of poetry. It is a similar triumph in bibliography to that of Villon or Rossetti in poetry, when of a string of beautiful names they make a new harmony, the names of the fair ladies of old time, or of the five handmaidens of Mary——

> "whose names
> Are five sweet symphonies,
> Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
> Margaret and Rosalys."

So Mr. Mosher has brought together the names whose mere mention at once suggests the beauty, the passion, the pathos of existence, all that in literature which we connect especially with such writers as Theocritus, Villon, Omar, De Quincey, Pater, Morris, Rossetti, and with such books as *The Greek Anthology, The Book of Ecclesiastes, The Vita Nuova.* Yet his garden is not all set with elegiac or epicurean blooms, it is not without its austerer walls, and sturdier sunlit groves, over which preside such names as Milton and Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold and Browning, Meredith and Whitman.

To the making of the library which this catalogue represents Mr. Mosher has brought not only the creative selective taste of a rare lover of literature, but the delight in the fair craftsmanship of books which marks the bibliophile, so that his issues are become proverbial for the exquisiteness of their format. Still, while thus solicitous for the outside of the platter, it has grown more and more evident that his publishing has had a deeper purpose than either the production of dainty editions, or the commercial gain resulting from their purveying, and that he has combined with both those very proper aims a certain missionary enthusiasm for the dissemination of the more spiritual and exquisite forms of literature. Long ago (1895) in his

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prefatory note to the first issue of *The Bibelot*—to me the most fascinating miscellany of lovely thought and expression ever compiled—Mr. Mosher thus defined a purpose which he has pursued no less in his book-publishing than in the little magazine in question: "To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing is the simple plan of the editor of *The Bibelot*. In this way those exotics of literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading, are here reprinted, and, so to speak, resown in fields their authors never knew."

The tiny, delicately worded prefaces to each issue of *The Bibelot* revealed that Mr. Mosher possessed a sensitive pen of his own, and these and the occasional introductions to his catalogue vibrate with a passion for literature that speaks for itself, and clearly differentiates Mr. Mosher from his publishing brethren. With what a "sad sincerity" Mr. Mosher has devoted himself to his dream, some words of an almost valedictory wistfulness from a recent "foreword" of his bear witness. He has been quoting one of Whitman's affirmations of the spiritual nature and destiny of man. "And would you," he says, "call this *a lost point of view*? If it is, then my scheme of things has an insubstantial value, and any 'tidings of great joy' I thought inherent in the books I have chosen to offer you is but a mirage of the mind, the baseless fabric of a vision that fades and leaves no trace. . . . At times I may have unduly insisted upon the fact that it was not merely a commercial adventure with me, but the possession of ideals in book-publishing, with the implication that the thing done was for a purpose beyond itself: 'seeing finally with inexorable vision the way that life comes and the way that life goes whatever may happen with words'."

Recently, in a volume called *Amphora*—a sort of private breviary of prose and verse—Mr. Mosher has included several such little essays of his own, among them one which I find especially delightful for the glimpses it gives of the bookish ardors and adventures of his youth—"The Books I shall not read again." "No! I shall never again read books," he says, "as I once read them in my early seafaring when all the world was

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young, when the days were of tropic splendor, and the long evenings were passed with my books in a lonely cabin dimly lighted by a primitive oil-lamp, while the ship was ploughing through the boundless ocean on its weary course around Cape Horn." This glimpse of bookish seafaring is as tantalizing as it is fascinating. I want some more of those old memories. Won't Mr. Mosher be persuaded to take his pen in hand and go seafaring and book-faring once more? I am persuaded that he could write us a new *Bibliomania* with a spiritual-human thrill in it entirely missing from the old.

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OSCAR WILDE

Some Hitherto Unpublished Letters of the Last Phase *

LOUIS WILKINSON

SINCE Oscar Wilde's death, the cloud that artificially obscured his literary reputation during the last five years of his life has gradually lifted. It is now generally recognized that he is a significant figure of his period, and the value of his work is being no less highly than dispassionately appraised. *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* reach a far wider circle of playgoers than they ever did in their author's lifetime, while new editions and translations of Wilde's prose and verse are being issued and circulated with astonishing rapidity both at home and abroad. Few writers of Wilde's generation are at present so far from being drugs on the market as he.

There are signs that the recrudescence of the popularity of Wilde as an author has led to some revision of the once familiar attitude of the general public toward him as a man. The question is beginning to be raised whether, after all, he was not more unfortunate than criminal, not so much a wilful offender against society as the victim of abnormal mental and emotional conditions, not incompatible, as we have now to admit, with genius of a very remarkable kind. The further questions naturally arise: Should he have suffered imprisonment and disgrace on account of a pathological abnormality? Should others like him in this respect suffer the same for the same reason? Are all the provisions of the Act of Parliament under which Wilde was condemned consistent either with abstract justice, scientific knowledge, or common sense? English writers of distinction, such as Mr. Edward Carpenter and Mr. Havelock Ellis, have already answered these questions decisively in the negative. Here there is a problem that may have to be faced at some time, not only by experts, but by laymen; though the courage and the knowledge necessary to face it may not be commonly found either to-day or to-morrow.

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The letters with which this article deals were written between December, 1898, and July, 1900. It will be remembered that Oscar Wilde was released from prison in the spring of 1897 and died in the autumn of 1900; so this correspondence extends over the larger portion of what I have referred to as the last phase of his life. The three or four years that make up this period were spent, as most people know, entirely on the Continent, first near Dieppe, afterwards mainly in Paris. They were years of unhappiness and suffering, almost continuous, varied by outbursts of that kind of gaiety which is more tragic than either—that " joy more sad than grief " induced by way of defiant protest against a perpetual burden borne.

Society's punishment of Oscar Wilde did not end with the appointed limit of his term of imprisonment. After his " disgrace " only a very few were left from the crowd of companions and disciples and sycophants of his triumphal days. In Paris he was subjected to frequent slights and affronts from people who a few years earlier had been boastful of their acquaintanceship with him. To such treatment he was keenly sensitive. A distinguished educationalist, Fellow of a Cambridge College, told me of an occasion on which he passed Wilde in a Paris street, a year or so after his release. The scholar was driving in a cab, Wilde was walking in the opposite direction, and their eyes met. For that moment the recognition happened to be on Wilde's side only, and he concluded that this former acquaintance of his was another one of the many who now chose deliberately to " cut " him. " When I had passed him," said the Don, in telling the story, " I realized who he was: and then it was too late. The sudden pain in his eyes was unforgettable." In this case the slight was not intentional, but in scores of others it was premeditated. When I related this incident to a very intimate, and always loyal, friend of Wilde, he shrugged his shoulders and observed shortly that that was the kind of thing that was perpetually happening.

Among other causes of the unhappiness of these last years may be reckoned poverty and inability to work. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* as Mr. Robert Ross tells us, was no less than *De Profundis* composed practically entirely in prison. When

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Oscar Wilde was liberated, he could write nothing more. Money he could have earned, of course, by lending himself to the service of journalistic sensation-mongering. Offers were received from representatives of the baser press, baited by considerable sums of money, for articles from Wilde's pen on *A Day of My Life in Prison, Reminiscences of My Trial,* and the like. Needless to say, he had a natural immunity from such temptations as these. One answer of his is well known. "I cannot understand," he said, "how such a proposal can be made to any gentleman." So he continued to live in what were nearly always, for him, harassing and wearisome financial straits. In a letter of January, 1900 (from the little Latin Quarter hotel where he afterwards died), he writes:

"So you are coming abroad—I think it is an admirable idea. . . . But I fear you would not like my hotel. I live there because I have no money ever—it is an absurd place: it is not a background."

Under the stress of tragically changed conditions Wilde remained in many respects the same; so much the same as to deceive people who met him casually into the belief that he was well and happy. He was often enough in the old debonair extravagant vein; the familiar spirit of whimsical irresponsible humor did not, could not, wholly forsake him. In a passage immediately following the one just quoted, a characteristic lightness and gleam emerge: he smiles, in his way—so well known, and so exasperating to serious-minded people of a certain type. These always have misunderstood the levity of Wilde, and they always will.

"The only thing really nice in the whole hotel is your own photograph: but one cannot, or one should not, play Narcissus to a photograph—even water is horribly treacherous; the eyes of one who loves one are the only mirror."

In the same spirit he gave as his reason for taking the pseudonym of "Sebastian Melmoth," that he wished "to prevent postmen having fits!" The passage in which the phrase occurs is quoted later.

Oscar Wilde, like all artists, knew how to weave together, after Life's fashion, strands of color gay and grave. This is

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why everybody said that he could never be really serious. No one can convince the Philistine that a man may be in earnest when he is joking. He must, according to the Philistine view, either set out to joke and grin all the time, or else set out to be serious and never relax a muscle. This is not Wilde's way, as it is not the way of any great English writer, from Shakespeare downward. But the humor and the wit of Wilde gave an added offence to the reputable bourgeois intelligence because they had a quality of audacity and derision peculiarly their own. Peculiarly Irish, perhaps one might say, for Mr. Bernard Shaw gives offence for something the same reason, though not altogether the same. And Mr. Shaw is gradually being forgiven because he is a propagandist, which Wilde never was. Further, there is nothing of petulance, nothing of waywardness, nothing of the spoilt child about Mr. Shaw as there was about Wilde. Wilde was always undisciplined and irresponsible—the less to be looked to for guidance, perhaps, but certainly the more to be loved.

In one of these letters, written from the Canton Vaud in March, 1899, he speaks very unmistakably in his own way of Switzerland. This letter, equally with those others, has suggested the observations just interpolated.

"I am, as you see, in Switzerland: on the lake of Geneva in the villa of a friend: across the lake, on the other side, are the mountains of Savoy and Mont Blanc: who at sunset flushes like a rose: with shame perhaps at the prevalence of tourists: he has lost all his terrors: spinsters climb him now: and his snows are not virgin any more.

"The fringes of the lake are fledged with pines, but I don't like Switzerland: it has produced nothing but theologians and waiters. Amiel and Obermann are types of sterility: I attribute it all to the lack of physical beauty in the race: they are shapeless, colourless: grey of texture, and without form: the beautiful races are the great races: here they are like cave-men; no impulse born of the splendour of physical perfection has ever filled them: their cattle have more expression. Je m'ennuie, je m'ennuie."

Here are the notes gay and grave, but here, as so often, the note that echoes most persistently, beyond all others struck, is

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the note of weariness and depression. The aphorist smiled or laughed with his own jests and with life's as before, but his eyes had lost their light. The simple statement—"I am ill and unhappy"—of a letter of February, 1900, gives more truly the dominant and determining tone of this last phase than any other passage I could quote. In the same letter he warned me against a certain adventurer who had victimized him the summer before and had recently written to me, with the object, doubtless, of further exploitation. I quote from this letter for the sake of the five words that are italicized and that make the quotation relevant here. The italics are mine. Comment is superfluous, for no reader will miss the pregnancy of the phrase.

"I am very sorry that you are in correspondence with ———. He is a most infamous young swindler, who selected *me—of all ruined people*—to swindle out of money: he is clever, but little more than a professional thief. He introduced himself to me, and induced me to make myself responsible for his hotel bills—left me to pay them, and stole money besides—what the French call '*un sale individu.*' Don't write to him any more—or know him. But how *did* you know him? Please tell me by return."

Of less personal, though perhaps of wider, interest are the passages in which Wilde alludes to his own literary work, and to the literary work of others; to *The Importance of Being Earnest, The Portrait of Mr. W. H., The Picture of Dorian Gray:* and to Matthew Arnold, FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar Kháyyám,* Eekhoud, and two or three other writers, foreign and English.

Of *The Importance of Being Earnest* he wrote, in February, 1899:

"I am sending you a book of mine:—when it comes out—in about three weeks—you will get it. It is a fanciful, absurd comedy—written when I was playing with that tiger, Life. I hope it will amuse you."

In a letter of the month following, he wrote *à propos* of the same play:

"It is quite irresponsible, but some of the *obiter dicta* amuse *me,* and it was delightfully acted."

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His allusion to *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.* was suggested by some enthusiasms of mine about the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare.

"So you love Shakespeare's Sonnets: I have loved them, as one should love all things, not wisely but too well. In an old *Blackwood*—of I fancy 1889—you will find a story of mine called 'The Portrait of Mr. W. H.,' in which I have expressed a new theory about the wonderful lad whom Shakespeare so deeply loved. I think it was the boy who acted in his plays. If you come across the story, read it, and tell me what you think."

On one occasion I asked Wilde's permission to carry out a project (never realized) for the performance of a dramatized version of *Dorian Gray*.

"Certainly," he replied, "you can dramatize my book—but please tell me if the version is yours—and how the play is constructed.

"Who acts Dorian Gray? He should be beautiful.

"My work is so far in your hands that I rely on your artistic instinct that the play shall have some quality of beauty and style.

"You can have four performances, and if there should be any notices of the play in papers pray let me see them."

It is characteristic that there is no mention in this letter of any terms of financial profit to himself. When the scheme of the dramatization fell through, he made no further allusion to it.

For gain of money Wilde cared as little as for gain of time. He would never show the smallest anxiety to make the most of either. The man of affairs, proclaiming money-thrift as a virtue, urges husbandry of cash: the moralist loftily disapproves such counsel, and urges in his turn husbandry of hours and minutes. Wilde was at variance with both. He was a master of the art of wasting money when he had it and always a master of the art of wasting time. He never improved the occasion. In these letters the reader will have noticed the conversational casualness of his references to his own work—and noticed it, I hope, without disappointment. They are not criticisms, but they are more characteristic of the author than any criticisms could be. They are mere chance allusions of the kind that would

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naturally be made in any pleasant waste of time in talk with a friend, when the bow of the intellect is unstrained. A more conscientious, a more earnest man than Wilde would doubtless have been prompted to more detailed excursions for purposes of explanation or analysis. If I may again refer to the author who more than any other living suggests both comparison and contrast with Wilde, I would say that one can hardly imagine Mr. Bernard Shaw contenting himself with a mere reference to a play or pamphlet of his own: a preface in miniature would be more in his line. But then Mr. Shaw believes in improving the occasion. He is no *flaneur,* as Wilde was. Wilde believed in a princely largesse, not only of money, but of moments. In these letters there is no disquisition, there is no hint of the erudite or the informing, but to some, at least, they will be none the less valuable for that. It was not as the scholar, the professed man of letters, that Wilde wrote to me from his cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines; he wrote, rather, the words he would have spoken, at a charming haphazard, if there and then I could have joined him at one of those little circular marble-topped tables, over his *café noir* or his *apéritif*. How wonderfully effortless is every sentence of these letters, and how magically they all convey the sense of the spoken word! Here is an art that too many learned and toilsome persons have lost and may not recapture. The divorce of literary allusion from pedantry and self-consciousness, in talk or correspondence, is a difficult task for most, but to Wilde it would seem never to have been a task at all. His touch, at such points as these, is infallibly light and easy, and it is so because he "can no other."

"Do you love Arnold's *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gypsy*? The former is an exquisite little classic. Sicilian flutes are not sweeter than either."

Poetry, at least, never lost its old thrill for Wilde, even in those later days of gray and black.

"I see,"—he writes in one letter, of February, 1899—"you are studying the delicate *forms* of verse. That is quite right. To master one's instrument is the great thing. . . . I hope you will devote yourself, with vows, to poetry. It is a sacramental thing, and there is no pain like it."

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And again—in November of the same year: "I am afraid you are going to be a poet—: how tragic! how terribly tragic! in the waters of Helicon there is death—the only death worth dying."

In a letter of two or three months later, written to Brussels, he again pays tribute in passing to Matthew Arnold, this time by quotation.

"I am so glad that we are seemingly quite close to each other—at any rate without the 'salt unplumbed estranging sea' between us."

And here is a reference to the *Rubaiyat*:

"FitzGerald's *Omar* is a masterpiece of art: I feel proud that a kinsman of mine—Sir Ralph Ouseley—brought the first MS. of *Omar Kháyyám* to England: to Europe perhaps: it is the beautiful Bodleian MS., which I suppose you have seen."

On another occasion he speaks of some modern French and Belgian writers:

"I hope you are perfecting yourself in French—to read Greek and speak French are two of the greatest pleasures in the cultivation of life. If you have not read Georges Eekhoud's books—he is a Flamand—order them at once—*Mes Confessions* and *Le Siècle Patibulaire*. The last has a wonderful story dedicated to me. . . . I hope you have read Paul Adam's *Basile et Sophie*—a coloured Byzantine novel—very terrible—and curious: also get a little book called *Memoirs d'un Petit Gendelettre* with a wonderful preface by Paul Adam. The author—Maurice Léon—committed suicide some months ago because he found that one could rarely speak the truth about others, never about oneself. He is a strange intellectual martyr—who died not for Faith but for Doubt."

Another book that Wilde recommended me to read was *Jaspar Tristram,* by Mr. A. W. Clarke.

"It is about Radley obviously—our age is full of mirrors and masks. If you have not read the book—order it: the early part—half Hellenic—is charming."

One of these literary allusions is of especial interest, as it is introduced by way of explanation of the pseudonym "Sebastian Melmoth" adopted by Wilde after his imprisonment. "A fan-

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tastic name," he had called it in an earlier letter, "but I shall explain to you some day."

"You asked me," he wrote later, "about 'Melmoth.' Of course I have not changed my name: in Paris I am as well known as in London: it wd. be childish.

"But to prevent postmen having fits—I sometimes have my letters inscribed with the name of a curious novel by my grand-uncle, Maturin: a novel that was part of the romantic revival of the early century—and though imperfect—a pioneer—: it is still read in France and Germany: Bentley republished it some years ago. I laugh at it, but it thrilled Europe—and is still played as a play in modern Spain."

It will be already obvious, I think, that Wilde wrote letters as he wrote books—that is, much in the same way of speech. Scarcely a chance handful of words, idly taken up and idly dropped, but bears close and unmistakable kinship to his recognized literary character. It is, for example, the author of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* who speaks in the sentence: "*You* must not, in life at any rate, trail purple palls of tragedy, or be caught in evil nets of fate." And this passage, reminiscent of his Oxford days, is in harmony with others that the readers will remember in *The Critic as Artist* or *The Decay of Lying:*

"It is the most flowerlike time of one's life—one sees the shadows of things in silver mirrors—later on, one sees the Gorgon's head, and one suffers, because it does not turn one to stone."

This letter was written, in December, 1899, from the south of France. He continues:

"I am on the Riviera—in blue and gold weather—the sun warm as wine, and apricot-coloured: the little hotel where I am staying is right on the Golfe du Juan—and all round are pine-woods with their pungent breath: the wind growing aromatic as it moves through the branches: one's feet crushing sweetness out of the fallen needles."

A suggestion here, perhaps, of the earlier way of *The Happy Prince* or *The House of Pomegranates*—and in the concluding paragraph:

"In your second letter you tell me that you enclose your

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photograph for me—but no photograph was in the envelope! Your thoughts must have been in the crystal of the moon—call them back, and let me have your portrait."

Or perhaps that is more in Lord Henry's manner.

But I find that I have already quoted as much as is likely to be of general interest, or as much as I can feel justified in quoting. There are no doubt others who possess letters of Wilde's later years—letters more interesting and more valuable than mine—but it may be surmised that these others were close personal friends of his, and that in consequence the publication of even selected passages from their letters is out of the question. Wilde wrote to me as a stranger, because, as I afterwards learned, it so happened that I was the first person who wrote to him, after the disaster, from mere admiration for his literary achievements and sympathy with his misfortune. Others had written from morbid curiosity or pathological interest. We corresponded for many months, but we never met. Not long before his death, in July, 1900, I had accepted an invitation from him to come to Paris from Dieppe, where I was then staying; but he telegraphed: "*Je suis très malade ne venez pas cette semaine,*" and this was the last communication that I received.

Under these circumstances his letters to me are presumably of a much less private and a much more public interest than most others that he wrote at the time. This is my apology for making them the subject of a published article. I feel that I can do so without breach of propriety: and it is because I also feel that the letters are likely to be serviceable to students of Wilde, and welcome to admirers of his genius, that I have decided not to allow them to remain altogether in manuscript. Most judges of literary values are now agreed that posterity will care to have as complete a portrait as possible of the author of *Salome* and *De Profundis*.

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE *

India's Shakespeare and Tasso in One

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Rabindranath Tagore is an acknowledgment that we of the western world are at last coming to know the man who for twenty years has been the idol of young India. We would be slow to concede that the Hindus are our equals in matters of culture, and yet the young men, and even the urchins, of India have been singing Tagore's songs in the streets, for many years, as the youth of Naples sang Tasso's. Although only a few of his songs have so far been translated, a wealth of beauty awaits us, from Tagore's pen.

I had the good fortune, some time ago, to collaborate with a young Hindu poet, Dhan Mukerji, a native of Bengal, from Tagore's own district, in translating and adapting one of Tagore's dramas, *Chintamani and Billwamangal.* This led to my coming to know Tagore's works, lyric and dramatic, in the original. Dhan Mukerji had been brought up on Tagore. Added to this was his passionate love and personal worship of the great master. It was a stirring thing to listen to this Hindu boy, with his head thrown back, and his eyes half closed, singing the strange Bengali sounds, to minor, haunting tunes, aching with beauty, lyric with an ecstasy of sadness. The Bengali sounds very like pure Greek, and the repetition of lines and phrases in some of the little songs makes them seem almost familiar, after being sung several times, to one who knows nothing of the language. In fact, anyone who knows not a word of Bengali can almost guess the meaning by the wonderful suggestiveness of the sounds and the musical arrangement. The melody carries the emotion almost without the need of words.

Tagore is himself a musician and a singer. There is always, then, in his song, that double music, of the words and of the accompaniment, and in the translations we necessarily lose much

* Rabindranath Tagore's works are published in America by the Macmillan Company.

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of both. Even so, there is still felt that melody, in his own prose translations, that is so essentially Oriental, and so difficult for one western-born to define, much less to imitate. It is a pity, for another reason, that his translations could not have been in verse, because he handles the verse forms of Hindu poetry, always much more difficult than our own, with a master's touch. The forms that he uses are sometimes so subtle and so involved that it seems almost impossible that he has embodied in them the perfect poetic thought that is always the core of his work. It is impossible for any translation to preserve the delicacy, the miracle sense of Tagore's songs. An Oriental belief is that poetry was practised for untold ages in heaven before it was revealed upon earth. There is that touch of Divinity still in Rabindranath Tagore. It is that that lifts the whole plane of his poetry above comparison.

The *Gitangali,* or *Song-Offerings,* the first book to make Tagore known to the layman, is a collection of love-songs of the soul to God. Many of these songs are sung in the Indian churches. Like Solomon's Song, many of them may seem to refer to human love or to divine love equally. The secret of why these songs created such a furore in London, and everywhere that they have been read, is, I think, that they make beauty a personal thing, they reveal the reader to himself. It is his own soul singing, in a language that he had forgotten, or had never known his own soul could use. It is this, and perhaps, also, a little of the Oriental belief,—or may I call it knowledge? —that the whole universe of visible things is but an illusion, that leads the critic Ernest Rhys to say that Rabindranath's " message to the Western world amounts almost to a spiritual revelation." Even as we read them, we feel, as May Sinclair says of their reading by W. B. Yeats, that it is " an experience too subtle, too profound, and too personal to be readily translatable into language." That is just the keynote. They are intimate. It is your own soul, speaking out in the hush, chatting intimately with the Supreme Being. Rabindranath, by his sublime magic, has somehow brought you into the same room; that is all. "I am here to sing thee songs," says Tagore, and he says it not in the figurative way we use the expression, but literally. He

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sings, and his lovers sing, these *Gitangali,* often to the music of the tambura, or other Indian stringed instrument. Even in prose, the gentle cadence of the songs lulls you insensibly into a lotos-laden atmosphere that makes all the work-a-day world around you sink into unnaturalness. The word and the tone strains combine, the two musics being present, and each contributing to the enchantment. The emotion is never sentimental, only beautiful, and delicate, and lyrical. You are reminded of Shelley, an etherealized Shelley. You are in another world. Even the English prose rhythms give an effect of singing. The melody is there, the haunting, moaning note of joy and infinity and utter, bodiless beauty: it is the soul of a poet singing through the lips of a poet.

The harmony, rhythm, and intervals of Indian poetry are different from ours. One of the most characteristic and lovable devices is the repetition, the second repetition continuing or adding to the original statement. The peculiar form of the refrain used oftenest by Tagore consists in repeating the opening phrase at the end.

"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead, and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances . . ."

"When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands . . ."

This illustrates another little device, as well, that is coming to be noticed in imitators' work, but is always used with pure beauty in Tagore: the prolongation, the suggestion of infinity, the invitation to the mind of the reader to go on where Tagore leaves off.

A Brahmin conception is in the line that has seemed to catch the fancy of so many reviewers:

"Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

Tagore's song of the "pathetic festival of the little lamps" seems to me to be especially fitting in this age of Feminism:

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"On the slope of the desolate river, among tall grasses I asked her, 'Maiden, where do you go, shading your lamp with your mantle? My house is all dark and lonesome, lend me your light!' She raised her dark eyes for a moment, and looked at my face through the dusk. 'I have come to the river,' she said, 'to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west.' I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of the lamp uselessly drifting in the tide."

My own favorite of Tagore's songs is:

"When I go from hence, let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable. I have tasted of the hidden honey of the lotos that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word.

"In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play, and here have I caught sight of him that is formless.

"My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word."

The democracy of Tagore is seen in the following song:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee.

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is making roads. He is with them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty road. Our master has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all forever."

From about the age of twenty-five to thirty-five, he wrote what are called the most beautiful love-songs in his language. Later, he turned to more religious and philosophical subjects.

To this first period belong such lines as this:

"Who is there to weave their passionate songs if I sit on the shore of life, and contemplate death and the beyond?"

To the latter period belongs:

"And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well."

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Tagore's philosophy is thoughtfully optimistic. There is no man living, he says, who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. Pain and evil are indispensable, but they are to be transmuted into joy. Statistics of pain would appal us, he says again, but it is like calculating the weight of the air on each square inch of the body to show that it is crushingly heavy for us. With this weight there is the adjustment of weight, therefore we lightly bear our burden. With the struggle for existence, in nature, there is the reciprocity, there is the love for children, for comrades, there is the sacrifice of self which springs from love; and love is the positive element of life. This is the belief that declares itself over and over in these poems of Tagore's.

Rabindranath Tagore has written plays, tales, novels, prose essays and love-songs. He has translated much of Shakespeare, and of the work of other English and German writers, into his own language. He has written India's *Marseillaise—Golden Bengal.*

In none of these things does he lose any title to the fame his lyrics have brought him. Among the as yet untranslated things, his introduction to a book of translations from European poets appealed to me as possessing unusual beauty. Everything that he touches has a charm that is almost feminine, it is so delicate and sweet.

Tagore's drama, as far as I know it, affects me much more than his lyrics, or any of his translated work. In his dramatic work, he reminds one more of the old Greek writers of tragedy, than of Shakespeare. There is a certain grandeur in Tagore's dramatic work that Shakespeare never attained, an accurate mysticism that Shakespeare never aspired to. Tagore's dramas have that marvellous double quality that is found only in works of supremest genius: if they are read wholly for the story, simply for the surface meaning, they satisfy us entirely; but at the same time, if they are read for the underlying spiritual values, they satisfy our sense of spiritual beauty even more. The allegory never intrudes.

The same sense of beauty is found in his dramas as in his lyrics, the same soul-poise, and vision.

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DAY'S END

[RABINDRANATH TAGORE]

Translated from the Bengali by
Dhan Gopal Mukerji and Mary Carolyn Davies

THE day ends gently, and the land is dark;
Row no more the bark.
What country is this, all unknown before?
I asked her, on the shore.
But with no word, her pitcher raised on high,
The maiden passed me by.
Here will I anchor, here will tie my bark.

The shadows touch hands, brooding, in the west;
This land my eyes like best.
Speaks not the silent water, move no leaves;
No waked bird grieves.
Only her chain and pitcher wakeful keep,
And laugh, while others sleep.
This land, this land, my weary eyes like best.

On woods and palaces down droops the dark;
Row no more the bark.
If here be mosses where my head may lie,
No more a wanderer I.
With her filled pitcher, round the bend she passed:
The maiden, eyes downcast.
Here will I anchor, here will tie my bark.

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JOHN BARLEYCORN *

CHARLES VALE

A BOOK by Jack London does not usually hide its light under a bushel, and obscurity is certainly not the present address of *John Barleycorn*. That bible for the bibulous has been read and discussed by many eminent people, and by several others who have evaded the kindly attentions of *Who's Who in America*—or in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and Christendom.† I do not know how many tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of copies have been sold; I am not an adept in preparing for an eager public those juicy statistics of best sellers which many critics compile with such nice discrimination, including in the impressive total the 411 copies purchased while the proofs of the review were being corrected. But I do know the exact number of men, boys and women who might profitably leave the book unread. That number is Mrs. Carrie Nation.

For this is not a book turned out, whether idly or industriously, according to the private formula which each successful modern author originates and advertises. Some, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, begin to consume their twenty-four hours a day at five A. M. Others prefer to wait a little longer for their inspiration (a few of them are still waiting). Mr. London himself confesses that he has a system. Each morning, at eight-thirty—after reading and correcting proofs in bed since four or five—he goes, or used to go, to his desk. Odds and ends of correspondence occupy him until nine, and at nine, invariably, he begins his writing. Within a few minutes—earlier or later—of eleven, he has finished his daily thousand words. Another half hour at cleaning up his desk, and he is free to loaf and invite his soul.

But though the actual writing of *John Barleycorn* may have taken place decorously and regularly between nine and eleven in the morning, rain or sunshine, blizzard or blue skies, the *making* of *John Barleycorn*—all the living and dying ‡ that go

* *John Barleycorn*, by Jack London. The Century Company.
† A euphemism.
‡ "I die daily": I. Corinthians XV. 31

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to the fashioning of work that counts—was neither begun nor completed in two hours per diem at an ordered desk. It began altogether too long ago for modern reckoning: before Bacchus was invented, or Noah planted a vineyard, or the lonely daughters of Lot fulfilled their desire. It was continued, so far as Mr. London was concerned, when he was five years old—"I was five years old the first time I got drunk"; and it was carried on on the stringer-piece of the Oakland City Wharf, in the raids and revelry of oyster pirates, in thirteen-hour shifts as a coal-passer, in long weeks and months on the adventure-path, and in longer years when the peculiarities of personality were watched and weighed and ultimately found wanting.

Nothing so frank and sincere, and therefore clean and beautiful, has been written for a long time. For Jack London is not merely the author of many ridiculously successful books. He is a man, and a poet. I suspected a little while ago, when I used the word *making,* that the cause of my particular emotion had some connection with that divinest of all self-developers—poetry. "The Greeks," wrote Sir Philip Sidney, "named the poet ποιητής, which name, as the most excellent, hath gone through other languages. It cometh of this word ποιεῖν, *to make;* wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met well the Greeks in calling him a *maker.*" And in the fullest sense of the word, Jack London is a *maker.* He may not be an expert technicist in rhymes and rhythm, but he is a master-craftsman in handling the stuff of life—"such stuff as dreams are made of." And though he has seemed, perhaps, to dream chiefly in a very practical way, with his feet set firmly on the solid ground and his brain ransacking all the familiar and unfamiliar haunts of men, there have been many times when the spirit went far beyond the brain and the body, and the little world of reality or romance, ranging the stars to find some clue to the enigma of the universe—of mortality and immortality, time and eternity, God in His Heaven and the gargoyle on Notre Dame. Often he went companioned by John Barleycorn, learning the rudiments of the White Logic, and the dreariness of pessimism, and the mockery of a world of phantoms, with the grinning skull ever showing through the

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transparent flesh. But sometimes he went alone and found fairer vistas and more tranquillizing visions. The music of the spheres did not shatter his eardrums; yet, after wind, and earthquake, and fire,—the storm and stress of life,—he heard assuredly a still small voice: the voice of the Master of Life.

I have called Mr. London a *maker,* deliberately. Could any other have given such a picture as this of the delirium of a child of seven?

"All the content of the terrible and horrible in my child's mind spilled out. The most frightful visions were realities to me. I saw murders committed, and I was pursued by murderers. I screamed and raved and fought. My sufferings were prodigious. Emerging from such delirium, I would hear my mother's voice: 'But the child's brain. He will lose his reason.' And sinking back into delirium, I would take the idea with me and be immured in madhouses, and be beaten by keepers, and surrounded by screeching lunatics. . . .

"One thing that had strongly impressed my young mind was the talk of my elders about the dens of iniquity in San Francisco's Chinatown. In my delirium I wandered deep beneath the ground through a thousand of these dens, and behind locked doors of iron I suffered and died a thousand deaths. And when I would come upon my father, seated at table in these subterranean crypts, gambling with Chinese for great stakes of gold, all my outrage gave vent in the vilest cursing. I would rise in bed, struggling against the detaining hands, and curse my father till the rafters rang. All the inconceivable filth a child running at large in a primitive countryside may hear men utter was mine; and though I had never dared utter such oaths, they now poured from me, at the top of my lungs, as I cursed my father sitting there underground and gambling with long-haired, long-nailed Chinamen."

The whole of this episode is amazing, though it is but one of many masterpieces in a remarkable book. Conceive the child of seven, taken by a number of young people to an Italian rancho. There was drinking and dancing, and more drinking and dancing, and finally, altogether too much drinking. And the little lad sat at a table, and "gazed wide-eyed at the amazing-

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ness of life." And then—"One young Italian, Peter, an impish soul, seeing me sitting solitary, stirred by a whim of the moment, half-filled a tumbler with wine and passed it to me. I declined. His face grew stern, and he insistently proffered the wine. And then terror descended upon me—a terror which I must explain.

"My mother had theories. First, she steadfastly maintained that brunettes and all the tribe of dark-eyed humans were deceitful. Needless to say, my mother was a blonde. Next, she was convinced that the dark-eyed Latin races were profoundly sensitive, profoundly treacherous, and profoundly murderous. Again and again, drinking in the strangeness and the fearsomeness of the world from her lips, I had heard her state that if one offended an Italian, no matter how slightly and unintentionally, he was certain to retaliate by stabbing one in the back. That was her particular phrase—'stab you in the back' . . .

"Here was a treacherous, sensitive, murderous Italian offering me hospitality. . . . He had those terrible black eyes I had heard my mother talk about. . . . Perhaps he had had a few drinks. At any rate his eyes were brilliantly black and sparkling with deviltry. They were the mysterious, the unknown, and who was I, a seven-year-old, to analyze them and know their prankishness? In them I visioned sudden death, and I declined the wine half-heartedly. The expression in his eyes changed. They grew stern and imperious as he shoved the tumbler of wine closer.

"What could I do? I have faced real death since in my life, but never have I known the fear of death as I knew it then. . . . I threw back my head and gulped the wine down. . . .

"Looking back now, I can realize that Peter was astounded. He half-filled a second tumbler and shoved it across the table. Frozen with fear, in despair at the fate which had befallen me, I gulped the second glass down like the first. . . .

"This was too much for Peter. He must share the infant prodigy he had discovered. He called Dominick, a young moustached Italian, to see the sight. This time it was a full tumbler that was given me. One will do anything to live. I gripped

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myself, mastered the qualms that rose in my throat, and downed the stuff. . . .

"Dominick had never seen an infant of such heroic calibre. Twice again he refilled the tumbler, each time to the brim, and watched the contents disappear down my throat. By this time my exploits were attracting attention. Middle-aged Italian laborers, old-country peasants who did not talk English, surrounded me. They were swarthy and wild-looking; they wore belts and red shirts; and they ringed me around like a pirate chorus. . . .

"How much I drank I do not know. My memory of it is of an age-long suffering of fear in the midst of a murderous crew, and of an infinite number of glasses of red wine passing across the bare boards of a wine-drenched table and going down my burning throat. . . .

"I was frozen, I was paralyzed with fear. The only movement I made was to convey that never-ending procession of glasses to my lips. I was a poised and motionless receptacle for all that quantity of wine. It lay inert in my fear-inert stomach. . . . So all that Italian crew looked on and marvelled at the infant phenomenon that downed wine with the sang-froid of an automaton. . . ."

And so the child passed on to the dreadful aftermath.

"My brain was seared forever by that experience. Now, thirty years afterward, every vision is as distinct, as sharp-cut, every pain as vital and terrible, as on that night.

"I was sick for days afterward. . . . My mother had been dreadfully shocked. She held that I had done very, very wrong, and that I had gone contrary to all her teaching. And how was I, who was never allowed to talk back, who lacked the very words with which to express my psychology—how was I to tell my mother that it was her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been for her theories about dark eyes and Italian character, I should never have wet my lips with the sour, bitter wine. And not until man-grown did I tell her the true inwardness of that disgraceful affair."

There are many gaps in the picture, as I have presented it; yet, even so, it would be difficult to forget it. "That never-

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ending procession of glasses to my lips." The child was but prefiguring the universal and sardonic masque. Imagine that interminable procession, in a single city on a single night! Truly, John Barleycorn has more votaries than all the other saints of Christendom. But the Christian saloon, of course, is rarely closed; while many of the Christian churches are rarely open.

Here is another picture. After fifty-one days of glorious sailing, with a teetotal captain and a compulsorily sober crew, a new world is reached, unexplored, with infinite possibilities. But John Barleycorn has made the trip before, and he is waiting; not anxious, not intrusive, but biding his time patiently.

"We completed our run across the Pacific, lifted the volcanic peaks, jungle-clad, of the Bonin Islands, sailed in among the reefs to the land-locked harbor, and let our anchor rumble down where lay a score or more of sea-gypsies like ourselves. The scents of strange vegetation blew off the tropic land. Aborigines, in queer outrigger canoes, and Japanese, in queerer sampans, paddled about the bay and came aboard. It was my first foreign land; I had won to the other side of the world, and I would see all I had read in the books come true. I was wild to get ashore. . . .

"Victor and Axel, a Swede and a Norwegian, and I planned to keep together. . . . Victor pointed out a pathway that disappeared up a wild canyon, emerged on a steep, bare lava-slope, and thereafter appeared and disappeared, ever climbing, among the palms and flowers. We would go over that path, he said, and we would see beautiful scenery, and strange native villages, and find Heaven alone knew what adventure at the end. We would get a sampan, and a couple of Japanese fishermen who knew the fishing grounds, and we would have great sport. . . .

"And then, our plans made, we rowed ashore over the banks of living coral and pulled our boat up the white beach of coral sand. We walked across the fringe of beach under the cocoanut palms and into the little town, and found several hundred riotous seamen from all the world, drinking prodigiously, singing prodigiously, dancing prodigiously—and all on the main

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street, to the scandal of a helpless handful of Japanese police. . . .

"Victor and Axel said we'd have a drink before we started on our long walk. . . . I didn't in the least want a drink, but I did want to be a good fellow and a good comrade. . . . Queer, fierce, alcoholic stuff it was that we drank. There was no telling where or how it had been manufactured—some native concoction, most likely. But it was hot as fire, pale as water, and quick as death with its kick. It had been filled into empty 'square-face' bottles which had once contained Holland gin and which still bore the fitting legend: 'Anchor Brand.' It certainly anchored us. We never got out of the town. We never went fishing in the sampan. And, though we were there ten days, we never trod that wild path along the lava-cliffs and among the flowers. . . ."

I leave out several pages here, and come to the final orgy.

"The main street was a madness. Hundreds of sailors rollicked up and down. Because the chief of police with his small force was helpless, the Governor had issued orders to the captains to have all their men on board by sunset.

"What! To be treated in such fashion! As the news spread among the schooners, they were emptied. Everybody came ashore. Men who had had no intention of coming ashore climbed into the boats. The unfortunate Governor's ukase had precipitated a general debauch for all hands. It was hours after sunset, and the men wanted to see anybody try to put them on board. They went around inviting the authorities to try to put them on board. In front of the Governor's house they were gathered thickest, bawling sea-songs, circulating square-faces, and dancing uproarious Virginia reels and old-country dances. . . . It was like the old days of the Spanish Main come back. . . .

"The Governor never issued the order to clear the streets. . . . I drifted along, making new acquaintances, downing more drinks, getting hazier and hazier. I remember, somewhere, sitting in a circle with Japanese fishermen, kanaka boat-steerers from our own vessels, and a young Danish sailor fresh from cowboying in the Argentine and with a penchant for native

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customs and ceremonials. And, with due and proper and most intricate ceremonial, we of the circle drank *sake*, pale, mild and lukewarm, from tiny porcelain bowls. . . .

"And, later, I remember the runaway apprentices—boys of eighteen and twenty, of middle class English families, who had jumped their ships and apprenticeships in various ports of the world and drifted into the forecastles of the sailing schooners. They were healthy, smooth-skinned, clear-eyed: and they were young—youths like me, learning the way of their feet in the world of men. And they *were* men. No mild *sake* for them, but square-faces illicitly refilled with corrosive fire that flamed through their veins and burst into conflagrations in their heads. I remember a melting song they sang, the refrain of which was:

'Tis but a little golden ring,
I give it to thee with pride;
Wear it for your mother's sake
When you are on the tide.

"They wept over it as they sang it, the graceless young scamps who had all broken their mothers' prides, and I sang with them, and wept with them, and luxuriated in the pathos and the tragedy of it, and struggled to make glimmering inebriated generalizations on life and romance. And one last picture I have, standing out very clear and bright in the midst of vagueness before and blackness afterward. We—the apprentices and I—are swaying and clinging to one another under the stars. We are singing a rollicking sea-song, all save one who sits on the ground and weeps; and we are marking the rhythm with waving square-faces. From up and down the street come far choruses of sea-voices similarly singing, and life is great, and beautiful, and romantic, and magnificently mad. . . ."

I will not give any further extracts. The book must speak for itself and carry its vivid pictures and its ripening wisdom to all who can see and hear and understand. But I should like to make it perfectly clear that there is no appeal whatever to ignorance, or to prejudice, or to the lovers of tracts, or to the morality-by-machine propagandists. Enriched with long and

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varied experience, unjaundiced, mellow, Jack London takes you into strange places in the world of men and shows you strange secrets in the ways of men. You do not always meet John Barleycorn, and when you do, he is shown to you without rancor, as without illusion. In truth, this John is a most companionable fellow, well-rooted in the very fibre of humanity—as he needs must be, to make so many friends, and fill so many graves. And this, remember, in spite of the fact that the human body does not want him; is repelled by him; has to practise assiduously in order to vitiate its normal chemical reactions and establish a tolerance which shall develop into an affection, and an affection which shall develop, perhaps, into a craving, a servitude, and a curse.

So read *John Barleycorn,* whether you live—voluntarily or regretfully—in a dry state or a wet one. And, while you read, be conscious of the consummate simplicity of the book, of its utter frankness, of its freedom from all pettiness, of its color and virility and saneness. But be conscious, also, of the depths beneath the surface; of the vivifying, line by line, of life-drama; of the inevitable march, which only genius can present adequately, from sowing to reaping, from the genesis of first causes to the revelation of final effects. For though you are reading an autobiography of Jack London, genius, you are also reading a biography of mankind, in the making, and in the marring.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Interpretation of Law

IT is recorded in the Scriptures that the laws of the Medes and the Persians were immutable. But Time, with its usual irreverence, has quietly obliterated them.

The present writer recently took part in a conference of lawyers. His personal contributions to the discussions were not important: for, after the first few minutes, he realized that he had strayed into an atmosphere—choking, ghastly, intolerable—of the dead. Only the voices of the dead, and the imperfect visions of the dead, and the mistakes and narrowness and pettiness of the dead, had authority in that gathering. The progress of the world, the beautiful new wholesomeness and reasonableness that are opening and cleansing those rooms of life too long shuttered and barred from sunlight and fresh air—these were negligible in the face of precedents and decisions half a century old, and with a half century's mustiness and dust upon them. And the talk was perpetually, not of what is right and decent and necessary, but of the rigidity of a dead hand, of narrow limits laid down in narrower days, of the unavoidable compulsion of laws that were intended to benefit the community, but had been distorted to curse the community. And the inevitable reflection came and persisted, iterant and reiterant: Why, in an age of life, and expansion, and progress, when all old ideas are taking new shapes and the stagnation that the stupid mistake for morality is being replaced by activity, and widening knowledge, and the daily miracles of the new daily life—why should laws and precedents be still interpreted in the ways of a dead generation, and not in the ways and for the welfare of living men? And with the question came the answer: The laws of the dead *must,* and *will,* be interpreted in the light of each new generation and each new moulding of society and society's ideals; judge and jurist, lawyer and layman, have already seen—and are seeing more clearly every day—that 1864 and 1914 are fifty years apart; that men must pass from precedent to precedent, and not stay chained; that the early Victorians cannot dominate and shackle the men and women of a new century.

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Is the change impossible? No. It is already being accepted. It would have been achieved long ago if there had been more men of commanding intellect and inspiration on the bench and at the bar, and if so many of our attorneys and counsellors-at-law had not become inured to the atmosphere and clinging authority of the dead in the very places where the living should have most power.

Still Tammany

It frequently takes more than one blow of a hammer to drive a nail home, and it is a little too early to affirm, with an exulting contemporary, that "Tammany's control over the State, which it has exercised with brutal cynicism for three years, is broken at the same blow which loosened its last grip on the city."

Tammany is not so easily broken. It can accept rebuffs with apparent humility, and from present defeats prepare material for future triumphs. Those who have influence in Tammany councils cannot be judged by ordinary standards. Although merely to belong to such an organization is an indelible disgrace, there are many well-known public men who profess to be proud of that infamy; and in spite of the recent results of New York State and City elections, the public generally still maintains a deplorable attitude, condoning the unforgivable, accepting the intolerable, and meekly indorsing all that is contemptible and degrading. No temporary tinkering can remedy such conditions. All the utterances of enthusiasts are of little avail when the stolid reactionary can nullify all real progress with his aversion or indifference—and with his vote. We do not so much need better men in office, as better men to vote for those who shall hold office. The average voter has been stupidly flattered, until he believes that his ballot represents the voice of God. In the vast majority of cases it represents merely the voice of sheer ignorance. Presidential primaries, short ballots, and all suggested reforms—important as they are—will be of little service until the electorate as a whole is made aware of its incompetence; until it recognizes that incompetence, with shame and contrition for the past, but with hope and resolution for the future. Democracy, in spite of all the panegyrics of the perfervid, is still on

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its trial; and the trial has lasted so long that some results can justly be demanded. And the least result that can be accepted is a standard of public life that will make Tammany, and all its imitators and offshoots, grotesquely impossible.

The New Mayor of New York

In a few days John Purroy Mitchel will take office as the Mayor of the greatest city in America. He comes to his task—as President Wilson came to his—with a reputation that is all too rare in this country. He will meet with much opposition; he will be vilified by the little, rancorous men who are thinking always of their own immediate material welfare; he will be sharply criticised in public, and shrewdly assailed in underhand ways.

But Mr. Mitchel stands—as the President stands—for new ways and new methods: in other words, for the twentieth century that has already been far too long in claiming recognition. He need pay no attention to the gibes of the uneducated and insincere, or to the complaints of those who resent lost opportunities for golden "graft." He stands high on the ladder that leads to permanent fame. If he shall so choose, and act, his name will be remembered when the shadows of time have buried all but a scant few of his generation—whether they were enemies or friends, large-minded, or petty and negligible.

His first task is the total destruction of Tammany—the most disgraceful organization that ever vitiated public life, in any country, and in any age. That task is so far from being impossible, that if Mr. Mitchel should fail to achieve it he will have failed also to take advantage of one of the greatest opportunities that was ever put into the hands of a man of good will and courage.

Eugenetta

It is always a pleasure to coöperate with Mr. H. G. Wells, and only lack of space has prevented, until now, the reproduction of the following letter. Those who have already seen it will be glad to re-read it. Those who have not seen it will be doubly grateful for a deferred pleasure.

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It is as well to explain that the episode of Mr. and Mrs. Bolce and their eugenic baby received some publicity a little while ago. The parents claim that the baby, now eight months old, is being brought up on strictly eugenic principles—"seriously, in faith and reverence, and with strictly scientific care." They state that in order to provide the best of pre-natal influences for the coming infant they travelled, visited picture galleries and theatres, and—especially to encourage the child's sense of humor and to develop the possible intellect—called upon Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Harry Lauder, Mr. George Robey, and others, together with Mr. H. G. Wells. Ultimately, some discussion naturally followed, and an attack was made upon Mr. Wells by a contributor, Mrs. Lilian Hensman.

It is possible to be a eugenist, rationally, without reducing love and marriage to a scientific formula. Mr. Wells's letter will not discourage those who wish to make marriage something more than a temporary gratification of a temporary infatuation; but it may help to mitigate the too-zealous propaganda of those who do not try to see life steadily, and see it whole.

Here is the letter:

"SIR.—Your contributor, Mrs. Lilian Hensman, scolds me with admirable vigor, but upon insufficient evidence, for supporting 'eugenics.'

"I admire her free, fine feminine style of discussing matters so greatly that I regret the necessity I am under of declaring that not only do I not support eugenists and the Eugenic Society, but that I have written an entirely destructive criticism of their proposals.

"What set Mrs. Lilian Hensman girding at me was, I perceive, not my books, of which she is no doubt spiritedly ignorant, but the absurd proceedings of a gentleman named Bolce, who has recently taken my name (and my portrait) in vain in the columns of a contemporary. Mr. Bolce came to my house a year or so ago to take photographs of me for a magazine, and secured, among others, one of himself and myself in conversation. He has since become the father of a child who has been named—I think unfortunately—Eugenetta. He declares that his wife was with him when he visited me—I did not know she was

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his wife, I imagined she was an assistant operator—and that my conversation was calculated to improve the prospects of the then incipient Eugenetta. (I doubt if he thinks so now.) He has further declared in print, and the thing will no doubt go round the press of the world, that I take a profound interest in Eugenetta and what he is pleased to consider the eugenic experiment of her birth and upbringing. This is what has roused the swift eloquence of Mrs. Lilian Hensman, and it is absolutely untrue. I had never heard of Eugenetta until she blazed into publicity a week or so ago; it is my sincerest wish that I may never hear of her again; and I do not believe that any of these antics of her parents before her birth will have the slightest effect in mitigating her heredity. (Will American papers please copy?) I am altogether an unbeliever in the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

"I must apologize for this intrusion upon your space, but surely my work gives plentiful scope for Mrs. Lilian Hensman's invective without a complete inversion of the opinions I hold.

"H. G. WELLS."

Maniac or Martyr?

SOME of the periodicals have been wondering whether the English "militant" is a maniac or a martyr. There seems very little doubt, to an unprejudiced observer, that she is a good deal of both.

The Marriage Service

FOR a long time clergymen have assumed, without challenge, considerable discretion—or indiscretion—in editing the marriage service. The rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, London, has been bold enough to omit the question "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" and a good many people were duly shocked. Yet, after a little reflection, it does not seem indispensable that a lady shall be given away, at her marriage, or at any other time. But the rector continued to be generous. Not only was the bride not required to vow obedience to her husband, but the words of one of the prayers were made to

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run—"that this woman may be loving, amiable, and loyal to her husband." The release from the obligation of obedience is a small matter: theory may well follow practice into oblivion. But the word "loyal" is scarcely an improvement upon "faithful." There is a suggestion of "legal obligations only" in the former, which is not found in the finer word.

Rabindranath Tagore

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, son of Maharshi (the Great Sage, whose name is a household word in Bengal) and grandson of Prince Dwarkanath, has received more adulation recently than is salutary for most human beings. But he will be able to endure it with composure. Poet, educationalist, and statesman, he conducts a school at Bholpur, a Bengal village, where young students from various parts of the Province gather together and learn the beginnings of wisdom from one who has almost begun to see the conclusion.

It is good for the Western world to come, from time to time, more closely into contact with the Oriental. But, in spite of Rudyard Kipling's assertion that East and West are essentially and permanently remote, and that physical courage alone may bridge the barriers, Rabindranath Tagore is not so isolate as poet, mystic, and philosopher, that he would not fit in quite happily in Nebraska, for example, or in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Massachusetts. Perhaps the following passage represents him as well as any brief extract could do:

"We see everywhere in the history of man that the spirit of renunciation is the deepest reality of the human soul. When the soul says of anything, 'I do not want it, for I am above it,' she gives utterance to the highest truth. By the very act of possession we know that we are greater than the thing we possess. Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything, but in giving himself to ideas which are larger than his individual life—the idea of his country—of humanity—of God, Buddha and Jesus; and all our great prophets represent such great ideas. Man is not complete: he is yet to be. . . ."

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